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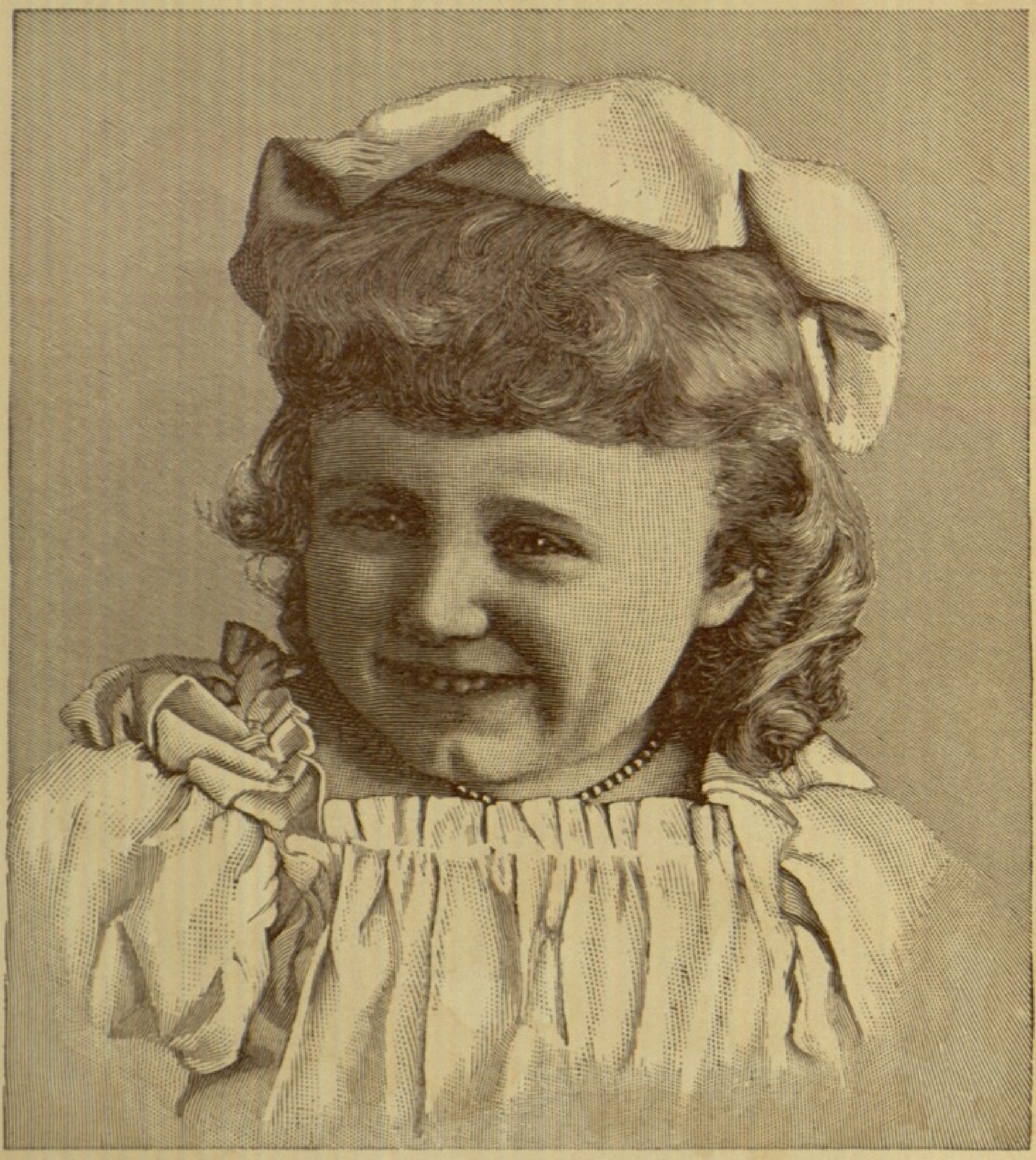

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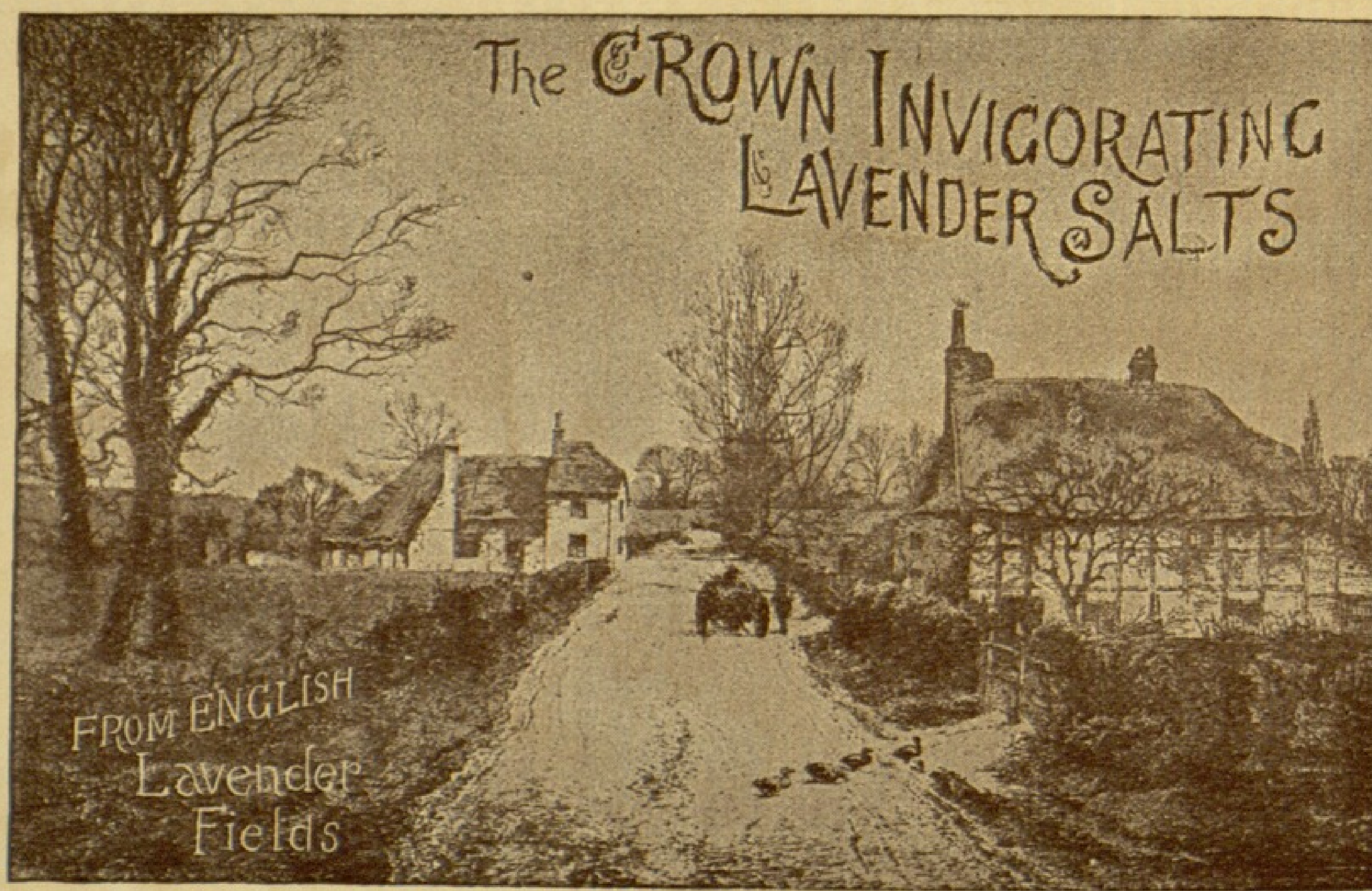
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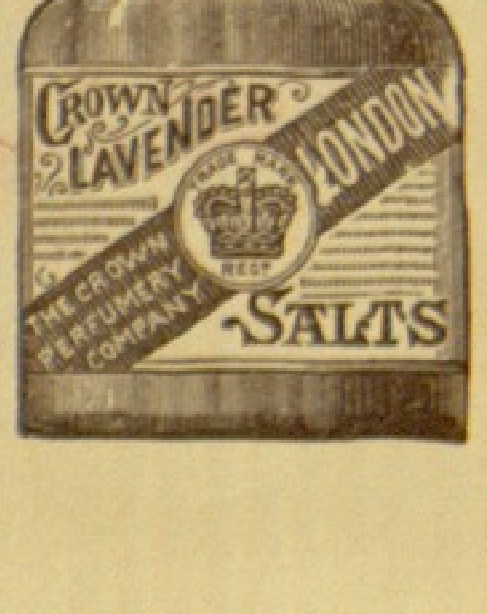

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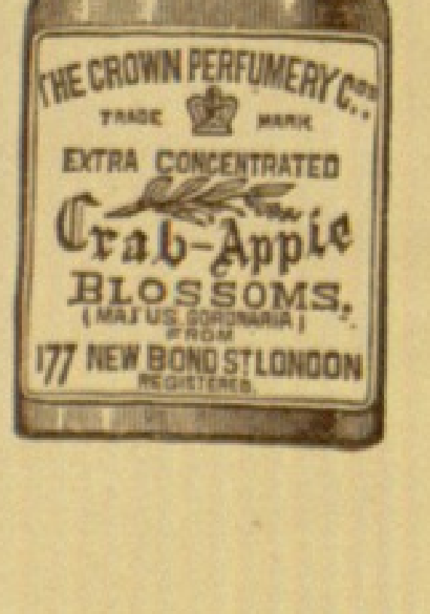

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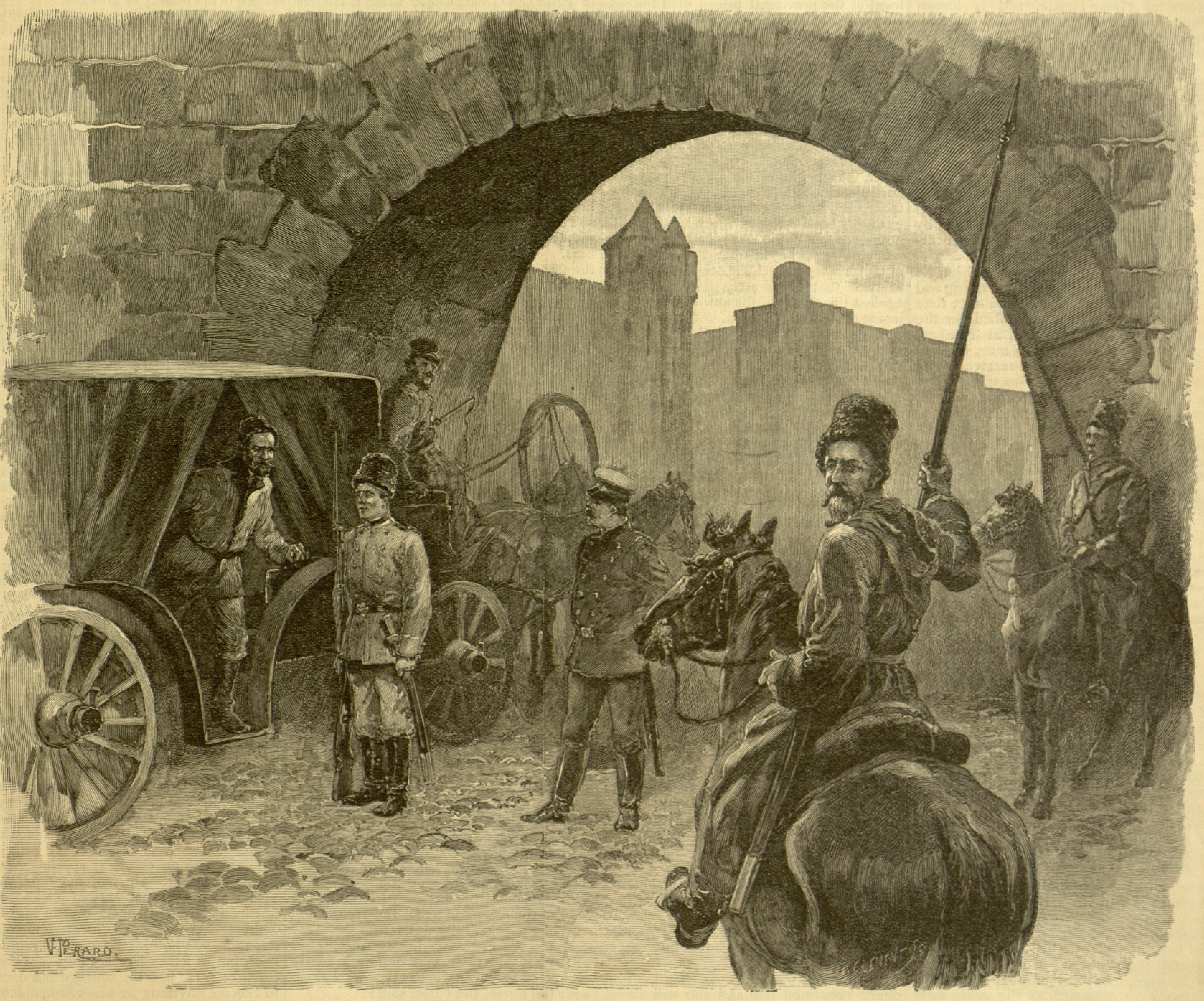

THE ARREST OF CARL PUSHKIN.

THE SIBERIAN EXILES.*

BY COL. THOMAS W. KNOX,

Author of "Across America and Asia," "The Boy Travellers," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A MIDNIGHT ARREST IN RUSSIA.

"OPEN the door! Open in the name of the czar!" This summons was accompanied by a loud knocking, which was audible at a considerable distance. It was at the door of Carl Pushkin, known among his neighbors and friends as Carl Pavloff, or Carl, the son of Paul.

There was a momentary pause, but the door was not opened. Again the summons was shouted, and the knocking was resumed.

The first knocking was with a clenched hand, and the second with the hilt of a sword. One, two, three, half a dozen blows were given, and then the door was opened from within. By the light of a candle in his left hand, a half-dressed man of middle age was revealed just inside the door-way, his face blanched with fright at the midnight summons, which might be of terrible import.

With the opening of the door, the one who had uttered the summons, stepped inside. His uniform showed him to be an officer of the imperial police, in whose hands are supposed to repose the safety and well-being of the Russian empire. Several decorations were displayed on the breast of his closely buttoned coat, indicating that he had performed services at different times, or possessed sufficient influence to secure these marks of distinction. Two gendarmes, or soldiers, who carried rifles with fixed bayonets, were close at his heels, and a little distance from the house were four mounted Cossacks, one of whom was holding the horse of their commander.

Evidently, the party was prepared for resistance, if any were offered, as the four Cossacks kept their hands on their weapons, as though awaiting a signal.

"What is wanted, your excellency?" said the man with the candle, as the other entered the door.

"Carl Pushkin," said the officer, "I arrest you, in the name of the czar. It is the order of his imperial majesty."

The man bowed his head and made no reply. Useless to ask for what reason he had been thus aroused at midnight and placed under arrest. The will of the emperor is supreme, and, whatever he commands, must be obeyed, at least, such is the belief of his loyal and devoted subjects. But not all who live beneath the shadow of the wings of the two-headed eagle can be counted as loyal and devoted, and sometimes they venture to deny the autocratic power of the "Great White Czar."

In which category should the prisoner be considered? We shall see at a later period in our story.

His hand trembled as it clutched the candle, and his face grew whiter than it had been before. From the room beyond the hall-way where he stood came the sound of wailing, and it did not require a practiced ear to discern that the grief-stricken one was a woman.

The officer paused until Carl could sufficiently control himself, to ask if he must go at once.

"Yes, *see chass* (immediately)," was the reply.

Without a word, Carl turned toward the inner room, and was followed by the officer. The soldiers remained where they had been standing. Carl embraced his wife and children, who had been roused by the knocking at the door and the voice of the officer, and the air was filled with lamentations. The leave-taking was so long, that the officer grew impatient; he was accustomed to scenes of this kind, and remained quite unmoved by the grief that surrounded him.

"*Poshol! Poshol!* (Hurry up! Hurry up!)" he ex-

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claimed. "We cannot be waiting here all night! Hurry up!"

The farewells were cut short. Carl donned his coat and cap, took his overcoat from a peg, where it had been hanging in the hall, tightened his waist-belt, and completed his toilet, which had been only hastily made before he opened the door. Then, after another quick embrace of his family, he signified his readiness to follow his captor. The latter led the way to the door, gave his prisoner into the custody of the soldiers, ordered that no one should come out of the house until morning, and then closed the door, and joined the waiting Cossacks.

The incident just described occurred in the province Tambov, in the year 18—. Tambov is in that part of the empire known as Great Russia, and is almost wholly devoted to agriculture and the raising of cattle and horses for the markets of Moscow and Nijni Novgorod.

Carl Pushkin was a thrifty and prosperous landholder of Tambov, about twenty miles from the provincial capital, which is of the same name as that of the province. He was a careful and intelligent cultivator, and, furthermore, derived a good revenue from a mill which he built for grinding the grain produced in the neighborhood. He had a fair education—in fact, a good one for a Russian of his class; and his advice was often sought by his neighbors and the peasants in the nearest villages.

In the opinion of all who knew him, he was so much occupied with his farming and the work of his mill that he had little time for anything else. He subscribed for the weekly newspaper published at Tambov, and also for the Moscow *Gazette*, but the sum of all the intelligence received from these publications was not great. A Russian newspaper can only publish what is permitted by the censor, and sometimes it is restricted to little else than advertisements, essays upon agriculture and manufacturing and the movements of court officials. The rigor of the censorship varies from time to time, publication being permitted in one year of what is prohibited in another. At the time of which we write, the censorship was severe, as revolutionary movements were in progress and many persons were under suspicion. Consequently, the news which reached Carl Pushkin's house was not of an exciting character, especially as the two papers for which he subscribed were known as devoted servants of the imperial government.

Carl's father was a landed proprietor of Tambov at the time of the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, and, like many others of his class, he was ruined by the liberation of the men who had formerly been obliged to give a considerable portion of their time to the cultivation of his estate, with very little reward for their labor. Probably his intemperate habits and his fondness for the gaming-table had more to do with his financial ruin than the Emancipation Act of Alexander II., but the latter served as an excuse for all kinds of misfortunes.

At the death of the elder Pushkin, Carl came into possession of an estate heavily burdened with debt. He sold a part to pay the most pressing of the debts and settle the claims of his brothers and sisters, and by the time he had put his affairs in a manageable shape there was not a great deal to manage. But his industry and intelligence were rewarded, as the years went on, so that he was in prosperous circumstances at the time when our story opened.

Near where the four Cossacks were standing there was a *tarantass*, or travelling-carriage, to which two horses were attached. At a word from the officer, Carl stepped inside the vehicle; one of the soldiers took the place at his side and the other mounted the box with the driver. Two of the Cossacks took their position in front of the *tarantass*, and the other two in the rear with the officer; then the order to march was given, and at a brisk trot the party quickly disappeared in the direction of the town of Tambov.

A brisk trot over the ordinary road of Russia means a great deal of jolting. The *tarantass* is a large, roomy carriage, bearing a general resemblance to a victoria of rude construction. It has a hood that can be lowered or raised according to the condition of the weather and the desire of the occupants to have the air admitted or excluded; an apron is usually attached to the front of the hood, so that the occupants can shut themselves in as completely as in a brougham or a landau. Instead of being supported on steel or leather springs, it rests on two poles which extend from one axle to the other, and these poles are sometimes ten or twelve feet in length.

Despite the jolting, which often threw him violently against his companion and guard, Carl Pushkin was very busy with his thoughts during that night's ride to the provincial capital. He ran over every act of his life, especially during the last few years, and endeavored to settle upon the cause of his arrest. It was evident some one had denounced him and brought him into his present trouble.

"I've submitted to every extortion of the officials without a complaint; it was the easiest way out of the difficulty and the cheapest. Every time one of them has wished to 'borrow' of me he has found me ready to 'lend,' and not one of the loans has ever been repaid, nor have I asked that it should be.

"Well, it may be that—but, no, that can hardly be possible; I'll try to think of something else."

In due time the *tarantass* stopped in front of the provincial prison of Tambov. Day was just breaking, or rather, the first streaks of dawn were visible in the east, but there was hardly sufficient light to discern more than the outlines of the grim walls that rose against the sky. Sentinels were pacing up and down the pathway in front of the doors of the prison; the night was chilly, and each soldier wore a long, gray overcoat, which forms a part of the military uniform from one end of the empire to the other. Like ghosts the gray forms came and went, as the men moved along the space marked out for their ceaseless tramp, until the hour for their relief. Like a silhouette against the sky another sentinel was visible, pacing his round upon the top of the prison wall. So much vigilance betokened that every precaution was taken against the escape of the unwilling dwellers inside these walls of stone.

The Cossacks closed around the *tarantass* and the order to descend was given. The two soldiers stepped to the ground, and Carl followed their example; then, with a soldier at each side, and preceded by the officer, who had dismounted and given his horse once more to the care of the Cossacks, Carl reached the door of the prison. As he halted and waited for the opening of the portal, Carl Pushkin shuddered as the question rose in his mind:

"How long shall I remain in these walls, and where shall I go when I leave them behind?"

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF PUSHKIN.

There was little sleep in the house of the Pushkins, for the rest of the night of Carl's arrest.

"Don't cry, mother," said Ivan, the eldest, a robust young man of twenty, as he twined his arms about her neck. "Don't cry, I'm sure there's a great mistake somewhere, and it will soon be found out. Father will be back in a day or two."

Nadia, a rosy-cheeked girl of nineteen, added her efforts to those of her brother, and gave utterance to hopes like those we have just heard from his lips.

"Yes—yes," was the reply, "there has been a mistake; of course, there has been a mistake. But mistakes are not easily corrected in this country, and your poor father may be years in prison before the blunder that sent him there is found out."

"No, mother, it can't be as bad as that, indeed it can't," said Ivan. "I'm sure we'll see dear father at home in a day or two, I'm sure of it."

The mother was about to speak, but prudence restrained her and she was silent. It is dangerous for a Russian to talk about politics, even to the members of his own household, lest they, innocently, reveal to the ears of a prying spy, something that has been said in an unguarded moment.

The woman's despondency and silence were construed by Ivan to mean that possibly his mother might know of something that had compromised his father with the authorities. He was an intelligent youth, had a good idea of the political condition of the country, for one of his years, and knew quite well that a very trivial circumstance is sufficient to bring the police about a household. And when the officers of the imperial police make their appearance, they do pretty much as they like.

When his mother remained silent, and showed so much trepidation, he felt that she was needlessly alarmed, and redoubled his efforts to comfort her.

"Don't feel so badly, dear mother," he said pleadingly; "father knows all the officials at Tambov, and I've heard him speak of them as his friends. Just as soon as they find he has been arrested, they will help him out of his trouble and we shall be out of ours. I'm as certain as I am of anything in the world, that he will be back at home before the week is out."

Madam Pushkin shook her head and made no reply. She could not share in her son's hopefulness, but did not wish to say so in words.

"I will go to Tambov to-morrow and see the governor," said Ivan, "and I know he will set this matter right."

"Yes, you and I will go with Ivan," said Nadia; "and I am sure the governor will send father home with us when he sees how much we miss him and how we are distressed at what has happened."

In spite of her grief, the mother smiled at Nadia's suggestion, which evinced complete ignorance of Russian official ways. That the governor of the province would be influenced by the tears and pleadings of women might be a very natural thought for a young girl, but it was quite contrary to practical experience.

The typical official of Russia is cast in the mold of the tiger or the crocodile, and the emotions of pity or sympathy are quite unknown to him. He is a worthy disciple of Peter the Great, whose name is famous in history for what he accomplished in bringing his country out of barbarism and making it one of the nations of Europe. Was Peter cast in a tender mold? All the world knows how he worked as a common laborer in ship-yards, that he might instruct his people in maritime ways. But does all the world know that he sent his own son to be executed? And does it know that he personally assisted on the scaffold and wielded the sword when the soldiers who rebelled against his authority were beheaded?

The younger children clung to their mother's side and joined their tears with hers. Though too young to comprehend the trouble that had come upon the household, they realized that something terrible had happened; they saw their father taken away by the soldiers, after he had embraced and kissed them, and when they saw their mother and Ivan and Nadia weeping, they joined in the general lamentation. The sorrow spread to all the servants of the household, and to none was it more poignant than to the old nurse Francesca.

She had been with the family since her birth. She was a serf on the estate before the Emancipation; she had held Carl in her arms when he was an infant; had seen him reach manhood; saw the evil ways into which his father fell; was present at his death, and saw the young master take possession of the remnant of the property and build it up to its present condition of prosperity. She had cared for his children, one by one, had loved him as an old servant loves a kind master, and knew that, as long as he lived, she would never be turned away.

Francesca cried, as did the rest, and for a while her grief was uncontrolled. But at length her sense of responsibility occurred to her, and she dried her tears as quickly as possible.

"Come away, my dears," she said to the younger children, as they clung to their mother's side. "Come away and go with me."

"Go with Francesca, children," said the mother. "Go with her, and leave me with Ivan and Nadia."

They obeyed, though reluctantly. Russian children are trained to obedience far more than those of England or America. The "spoiled child," so common in American households, is not easy to find in the land of the czar, and as for the *enfant terrible*, he is practically unknown.

Francesca led away her charges, after all had kissed their mother and tenderly embraced her. As soon as they were alone with the nurse, the eldest said:

"What is all the trouble about, *matiushka* (little mother), and why does mamma cry so? Why did the soldiers take papa away?"

"That's what I don't know, my darlings," was the reply; "but I am sure he will be back again very soon."

"Is mother as sure as you are, *matiushka*, and are Ivan and Nadia?"

"Certainly, my darlings. Didn't you hear Ivan say so?"

"Yes, I know he said so. But if papa is coming back soon, why does mother cry so hard?"

"That I cannot tell you, darling; but I suppose it's because it all came so suddenly. Now go to sleep, like good children, and don't think any more about it. Your grandpapa was taken away just like this two or three times that I remember, and he came back the next day."

"Oh, if that's so, I'll go to sleep. Good night."

And in a few minutes the child was sleeping peacefully.

Francesca was not altogether truthful in comparing the arrest of Carl Pushkin to the arrests, by no means infrequent, of his father, as the latter were the result of his performances while grossly intoxicated or in consequence of the persistence of creditors, who were obliged to resort to the stern measures of the law to secure the adjustment of their claims. But, under the circumstances, her deception was pardonable. She may have had no familiarity with the pernicious adage: "All's fair in love and war;" but she regarded everything as perfectly proper when it came to putting children to sleep.

But, though the children slumbered, Francesca was wakeful; in fact, she did not close her eyes in sleep for the rest of the night. Several times she crept to the door of the room where Madam Pushkin remained with Ivan and Nadia, to ascertain if they had yet retired; as long as she heard their voices, she kept about and puzzled her brain in thinking what she could do to comfort them. Her son Joseph slept in a distant part of the house; he was the man-of-all-work about the place, a sturdy fellow of some twenty-five years, and ready to give his life, if needed, in the service of his master or mistress.

Joseph had slept through all the tumult of the arrest, no one having thought to call him; and, his room being so far away, no ordinary sounds were likely to reach him. When Francesca was at her wits' end in regard to the unusual occurrence of the night, she decided to awaken her son and tell him the news.

"Joseph! Joseph!" she called softly at his door.

There was no response, and after waiting a few seconds, she called out again.

Joseph slept soundly; he had spent the evening with some of his friends at the nearest *lafka* (drinking-shop), and was, therefore, in a slumberous condition. Francesca found it necessary to enter the room and shake him before she could make him understand, and, even then, his intellect was somewhat clouded. He listened in a dazed way to her account of the arrest, but when he fully realized that his master had been carried away to prison, he was fully awake and ready for anything desperate.

But desperation was of no account, as the prisoner was then far on his road to Tambov, if not already there, and inside the walls of the prison. Joseph was of such pugnacious mold that he might have ventured, single-handed, upon an attempt at rescue, if the arresting party had been in front of the house at the time he was fully roused from sleep and heard his mother's story.

He proposed to take one of the horses and go in pursuit of the party, but Francesca reminded him that no one was to leave the house until morning. Then he wanted to go to his mistress and ask if she wished him to start at daybreak for Tambov, and, if so, he would have everything in readiness; but from this he was dissuaded. A hundred other schemes entered his head, but all were set aside by his mother, who, at length, concluded that her son would be all the better in the morning if he could sleep through the rest of the night. So she left him, and, as the voices were no longer audible in the room whose door she had so often visited, there was nothing more to be done. She went to bed, but only a little while before the dawn.

Joseph was an excellent specimen of a Russian peasant. He had the courage of a lion with the simplicity of a child, the fidelity and strength of the mastiff with the gentleness of the dove. To serve his master, there was nothing he would not undertake, but, if left to himself, he was without resource. He had the courage and daring to execute anything he was commanded to do, but he had not the skill to plan. This characteristic is noticeable among the Russian peasants more than with any other people in the world. It is this that makes them such a sturdy reliance when trained as soldiers; this is the quality that carried them up the heights of Inkerman, over the walls of Plevna and through the Shipka Pass, to the astonishment and admiration of their foes. It is this element in their nature that may yet carry them to the shores of the Indian Sea.

Madam Pushkin had listened to the entreaties of Ivan and Nadia, and gone to bed, and they did likewise as soon as she had retired. But sleep did not come easily to any one of the three, and least of all to the mother.

Ivan had spent a year or more in the University of Moscow, and returned thence for his vacation only two weeks before the incident with which our story opens.

Throughout Russia, the university students have been the cause of much trouble to the government. Not infrequently a university may be closed and the students sent to their homes, because of suspicions of liberal tendencies. Arrests of students on suspicion of connection with plots to overthrow the government are of frequent occurrence; and not a few who have begun their careers in the great schools of instruction have ended them in prison or in Siberian exile. A close watch is kept upon all the professors and teachers, lest they inculcate sentiments of disloyalty in the minds of the youths under their care. In order to hold their places, these men must give proof of unbounded and undeviating loyalty and a readiness to support with enthusiasm all acts of the government.

CHAPTER III.

VISITING THE PRISONER.

The arrest of Carl Pushkin became known among his neighbors on the day that followed it. In any other country, it would have been the subject of a great deal of gossip, but that is not the case in Russia. Comment upon official action is not encouraged, and, if persisted in, is liable to lead to unpleasant consequences. The discovery of a bear in the forest or the abduction of a sheep by a wolf would have led to far more local talk than did the arrest and imprisonment of Carl Pavloff.

In his trouble, Ivan went to one of their neighbors, who was an especial friend of his father, and sought his aid and counsel. This neighbor, Mr. Hartmann, was descended from one of the German emigrants who settled in Russia during the time of Catherine the Great. Though German in blood, Mr. Hartmann was a native-born Russian. His father and grandfather were also born in the empire of the czar.

Mr. Hartmann had already heard of the arrest, and his greeting of the youth was full of sympathy. The Hartmann and Pushkin families were intimately acquainted; Mr. Hartmann's son Alexei was engaged to Nadia Pushkin, and the wedding was to take place in the coming year.

"What can have been the cause of my father's arrest do you think?" was the first question addressed by Ivan to his older friend.

"I cannot possibly guess," was the reply. "But never mind the cause of it, the thing to consider is how to obtain your father's release as soon as possible. Has your father any ready money or any property that can be converted into cash?"

"I don't know," answered Ivan, "but why do you ask?"

Mr. Hartmann smiled, and then his face assumed a serious aspect.

"Of course, you are too young yet to know much about it," he said, "but you will soon learn that in this country of ours very little can be done except by the use of money. Officials may be bribed to do anything, provided the bribery will not lead to their detection by a higher authority, except where they receive enough money in hand, to divide with the one who might bring them into trouble. Very often they require bribes to induce them to do their duty; and, altogether, the system of government rests upon the payment of money, through nearly every grade of official life."

"I wonder the czar allows such a system to continue," said Ivan.

"The czar is responsible for it," replied Mr. Hartman, "because the pay of all officers is so miserably small, that they cannot support their families or even support themselves as single men upon their salaries. They must add to their revenues in some way or starve, unless they have private fortunes of their own, and the easiest way of increasing their revenues is by the system of bribery I have mentioned.

"I think, too," continued Mr. Hartmann, "that the czar could not put a stop to it, if he wished to."

"He might issue an imperial ukase, forbidding it," pleaded Ivan.

"That was what a distinguished foreigner once said to the emperor Nicholas," Mr. Hartmann responded, "and the emperor's answer was that, in order to have such a ukase carried out, he would have to bribe his prime minister to enforce it."

"Now, in regard to your father's case, I asked about ready money, because I know that somebody will have to be bribed."

"Isn't it possible that he was arrested so that somebody would be able to get money in just that way?"

"That is quite possible, and even probable. Such things have happened before, and a great many times; as for the matter of that, they are not confined to Russia, though we have far more than our share in consequence of the greater ease with which a blackmailing arrest may be concealed. The large cities of the countries that boast the greatest freedom, England and the United States, have had instances of this sort. And if they can have them, how much more should we expect them in an autocracy where exile by administrative process prevails?"

Returning to the immediate subject before them, Mr. Hartmann said it might be necessary to bribe the officials to find that the arrest was a mistake, and that Carl Pavloff Pushkin was arrested in place of some other Carl Pavloff for whom the police were looking. If there were any difficulties about this plan, it might be arranged to bribe the jailer to allow Pushkin to escape in the night. The escape might be discovered in the morning, and the pursuit would be carefully turned in the direction opposite to that taken by the man who was running away. This is done more frequently than the general public is aware, and, though there is a great show of zeal in following an escaped prisoner, he runs very little risk of being actually retaken.

As a preliminary, it was necessary to have an interview with the prisoner, and this would require that the jailer should receive a suitable present from whoever visited him. Before calling upon the prison-keeper, it would be necessary to have a permit from the chief of police in Tambov. Of course, it would facilitate matters if the chief received in some manner a substantial token of respect and esteem in the shape of cash.

Ivan thanked Mr. Hartmann for his advice, and suggested that he would go at once to his mother and see what could be done about raising the needed money.

"Do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Hartmann, "but go with me to Tambov to-morrow and see your father."

"But how about the money for the chief of police and the keeper of the prison?"

"Oh, I'll attend to that," was the reply, "as it will not be a serious matter. A hundred rubles to the chief and twenty-five to the jailer; that's a mere trifle to what will have to be paid, when we talk of release or escape."

It was arranged that they would start early the next morning, so as to be in Tambov in time to have the day before them. Mr. Hartmann would take Ivan in his own *tarantass*, and they would easily get over the thirty *versts*, or twenty miles, inside of three hours. By setting out at four o'clock, they would be in Tambov by seven, and this would be ample season to arrange for the interview.

Ivan was about to hurry away to tell his mother the plan, but Mr. Hartmann stopped him.

"Tell your mother this and nothing more:" said the gentleman. "You and I are going to Tambov to see your father; that's all. If she asks you what our plans are, tell her you don't know. Actually, you don't know, nor do I, as the plan must depend upon things as we find them."

Ivan comforted his mother with the information that they would go to Tambov on the morrow, and told her that the start would be made very early. He was to be ready at four o'clock, and Mr. Hartmann would be there with his *tarantass* at that hour or soon after. No time would be lost by this arrangement, as the Pushkin house lay directly on the road from Mr. Hartmann's to Tambov.

Mrs. Pushkin gave her son several verbal messages to deliver to his father—messages of love and affection which it is unnecessary to repeat. Then she told Ivan that he had better retire early in order to be up and ready at the hour when Mr. Hartmann was expected. She suggested that the suit of clothes he was to wear would need to be freshly brushed and possibly might require a few stitches. She would attend to this and send the garments to his room by one of the servants, so that he could have them ready for putting on when he rose.

Nadia wished to be of use, and asked her mother what she could do.

"Nothing, my child," was the reply. "Yes; you may write a letter to your father, and that will comfort him. Ivan can carry it, and it must be left open so that the prison-keeper can read it before it is delivered."

Nadia hastened to her room to write the letter. Mrs. Pushkin suggested that Ivan could occupy the remaining hours of the day in attending to certain details of the work about the place that ordinarily came under his father's care; and the youth went out to do as his mother advised.

The woman embraced the opportunity given by the absence of Ivan and Nadia to write a letter which she placed in the skirt of Ivan's overcoat. It was written on the thinnest of paper and covered both sides of a closely written half-sheet, and then it was wrapped in another piece of paper, covered with printed characters. To conceal it, she ripped the lining of the overcoat at the bottom, and then stitched the paper where the material was turned up to meet the lining. Enough of the turned up portion was cut away to make room for the folded slip, and when the work was completed it would require the most minute inspection to discover that anything was hidden there.

She had just finished the work, when Ivan returned. Then she turned her attention to the buttons of the coat and took a few stitches here and there, where they were apparently needed.

The other garments received due attention, and were sent to Ivan's room before he retired. Nadia's letter was completed and securely placed in the youth's pocket, and everything was ready for the early departure as previously arranged.

On arriving at Tambov, Mr. Hartmann and Ivan went at once to the office of the chief of police. Though it was early in the day, that officer was already at his post, and after a little delay, Mr. Hartman and Ivan were ushered into his presence.

After the customary salutations, Mr. Hartmann explained that they desired to have an interview with Carl Pavloff, surnamed Pushkin, now in prison in Tambov, and the father of the young man who accompanied him.

The man of authority said the rules of the prison were very severe, and he was uncertain whether the desired interview could be granted. As he spoke, he threw away the *papiros* (cigarette) he was smoking, and began to turn over the papers that lay on his desk.

Mr. Hartmann drew from his pocket a cigarette-case and proffered it to the officer. The latter took the case, and, as he did so, Mr. Hartmann turned to Ivan, and called his attention to a picture at the farther end of the room, in a direction quite opposite to where the chief of police was sitting.

Naturally, Ivan looked at the picture, and naturally, too, Mr. Hartmann's eyes were upon it at the same time. The picture interested both of them quite long enough to give an excellent opportunity for the official to take a *papiros* from Hartmann's case, and with it, a note of the Imperial Bank of Russia, for a hundred rubles, that had been rolled into the shape of a cigarette, and placed among the dozen or more cigarettes in the box "for safety." The real cigarette could be lighted at once, and the imitation one could go into the official pocket for future use.

Russian paper money is not, like that of the United States and some other countries, printed in a single color. A considerable part of the population is unable to read, and for the convenience of the unlettered inhabitants the different denominations of the national bank-notes are of different colors. It is easy for an uneducated man to know the value of a note by the complexion of the ink with which it is printed, and easy for an educated official to know the denomination of a note offered to him as a bribe.

Did the official appropriate the money thus within his reach? Who can tell? No one saw him take it; no one offered it to him; no one traced the money to his possession. There is no proof of bribery, and the fact that Mr. Hartmann afterward missed the money from the case would not be taken as evidence in court.

"I see no reason why the son of the prisoner should not be admitted to see his father," said the chief, as he swallowed the smoke from the cigarette and emitted it from his nostrils. "He desires to be accompanied by you, an old friend of the family, I understand?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Hartmann; "a friend and neighbor."

Permission to see the prisoner Pushkin was granted, and the callers departed with the precious document in their possession.

At the door of the prison there was some delay while the permit was sent to the prison-keeper and returned. The door was opened and the visitors entered within the grim walls. They were taken directly to the keeper's office, where they were questioned concerning the object of their visit, put under oath not to convey to any one in the building articles of a contraband nature, and examined to make sure that nothing forbidden by the rules was in their possession. Ivan handed over to the keeper the letter which Nadia had written. The latter said he would read it and decide upon its disposition before their visit was concluded.

The guard was instructed to take them to cell number thirteen, where they had permission to remain for half an hour. As they rose to accompany him, Mr. Hartmann said:

"Can't we leave our overcoats here? The day is quite warm, and we shall not need them."

"Certainly, gentlemen," replied the keeper, who may have construed the request as a hint that he would find something for his own use in the garments. Accordingly the overcoats were left in the keeper's office, and the visitors followed the guard in the direction indicated, Ivan being, of course, quite in ignorance of the missive that was thus placed in peril.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 26.]

NEVA'S THREE LOVERS.*

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

Author of "Her Double Life," "Beryl's Husband," "Edith Trevor's Secret," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

[Sir Harold Wynde, widower, having an income of £70,000, marries Octavia Hathaway, a widow. Of his two children, George and Neva, by his first marriage, George is with his regiment in India, and Neva at boarding-school in Paris. His second wife, an adventuress, anxious to control Sir Harold's wealth, after his death, learns that Hawkhurst, Sir Harold's estate, is entailed. Upon her, Sir Harold settles one of his best country places, only for her life use, though he has willed several places to Neva. Word comes that George is dying. Sir Harold goes alone to India, and writes that his son has died. A fortnight later information comes that Sir Harold has been killed by a tiger. On learning of this, Lady Wynde informs Craven Black, a lover of hers before her marriage. Atkins, Sir Harold's solicitor, informs her that, by a will made when he started for India, Sir Harold left all his real and personal property, except £4,000 a year, to Neva, and appointed her ladyship guardian of Neva. Lady Wynde, furious at this "injustice," passes through a year of mourning, and then receives a call from Black, who wishes his son to marry Neva. Artress, her companion, then brings Neva home from Paris. Neva meets, while crossing the Channel, Lord Towyn, one of the trustees of her estate, an old playmate of hers, who now forms an attachment for her. In the meantime Black's son Rufus, an artist, has married Lally Bird, a young music-teacher, contrary to his father's wishes. He conceals his marriage from him, and is starving in a garret, when he resolves to appeal to his father.

His appeal is ridiculed, and he is informed that his marriage is illegal, as both he and Lally are minors, and were married without the consent of their parents or guardians; that he committed perjury by declaring himself of age, and that he must pay attentions to Neva, or be prosecuted for perjury at the instance of his own father. He promises to separate from Lally. Neva returns to her old home, and Black forges a letter from Sir Harold to Neva, directing Neva to marry Rufus Black, should he ask for her hand. Craven Black goes to London to inform Lally that her marriage was illegal, and she rushes wildly from her house.]

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW NEVA RECEIVED THE FORGERIES.

WHILE Craven Black was successfully pursuing his machinations to destroy the happiness of two young lives, Lady Wynde had been active in carrying out her part in the infamous plot against Neva. The little packet of forged letters, which had cost Lady Wynde's fellow-conspirator a night of toil, and which had been sent to Hawkhurst by a special messenger, had been safely delivered into the hands of Mrs. Artress, who had been waiting at the gate lodge to receive it. It had so happened that not even the lodge-keeper had witnessed the reception of the packet, and she had dismissed the messenger, and carefully concealed the packet upon her person, and returned to the house and to the presence of her mistress.

Lady Wynde had not yet risen. She lay in the midst of her bed, with her black hair tossing upon her ruffled pillow, one white and rounded arm lying upon the scarlet-satin coverlet, and with a profusion of dainty frills and laces upon her person. A small inlaid table stood at her bedside, supporting a round silver tray, upon which gleamed a silver *tête-à-tête* set of the daintiest proportions, and at the moment of her companion's entrance, her ladyship was sipping her usual morning cup of black coffee, which was expected to tone and strengthen her nerves for the day.

She dropped her tiny gold spoon, and looked up eagerly and expectantly, and Artress, closing the door, drew forth the packet with an air of triumph.

"I have received it," said the gray companion, "and no one is the wiser for it. The messenger thinks it a book, and the people at the lodge did not even see it. We are in the usual luck, Octavia. Everything goes well with us."

"I am glad that Craven did not fail me," murmured Lady Wynde. "I feared he might find the task too heavy for him. But he is always prompt. Open the packet, Artress."

The companion obeyed, bringing to light the double letter, the one Craven Black had forged being securely lodged within the last letter Sir Harold Wynde had written to his wife from India.

Lady Wynde saw that the inner letter, addressed to Neva, was securely sealed, read the forged postscript to the letter addressed to her, and placed both under her pillow, with a complacent smile.

"Craven is a clever fellow," she muttered. "I am again a widow, with four thousand a

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year and a good house while I live, and I can lay up money if I choose while I continue the chaperon of my husband's daughter. And if our game continues to prosper, and Neva marries Rufus Black, Craven and I will make ten thousand a year more for the remainder of our lives. Rufus will have to sign an agreement giving us that amount out of Neva's income. Think of it, Artress; fourteen thousand a year!”

“Of which, if you win it, I am to have five hundred,” said Artress, her gray face flushing. “And if you do not win the ten thousand, I am to have two hundred pounds a year settled upon me for life. Is not that our bargain?”

Lady Wynde nodded assent.

“And,” continued Artress, “I am to enter society with you, to remain with you as your guest instead of companion. I have been necessary to you in playing this game. I have lived with you some three years now, and though people know that I am a lady born, no one suspects that I am own cousin to Craven Black, and soon to be your cousin by marriage. We have joined our forces and wits together in this game, and we shall enjoy our success together.”

This then was the secret of the connection between the two women so unlike each other, yet so in unison in their schemes. Mrs. Artress was the cousin of Craven Black, and being poor as well as unscrupulous, she was his most faithful ally. The interests of the three conspirators were indeed identical.

“I believe I will rise,” said Lady Wynde. “I am impatient to give this letter to Neva, and to see how she receives it. Do you suppose she is up?”

“She has been up these two hours,” answered Artress. “She has been all over the house, has talked with the butler and the servants, has visited the stable and gardens, and has even been into the park. She means to assert her dignity as mistress of Hawkhurst, and to win the hearts of her dependents.”

Lady Wynde frowned darkly.

“Miss Neva is not yet of age, and so, although she owns Hawkhurst, there may be a question whether she is its mistress, or whether I, who am her guardian and her father's widow, am mistress here.”

Her ladyship pulled the bell-cord at her bed-head, summoning her maid. Artress retired into Lady Wynde's sitting-room, and, upon the appearance of her attendant, the widow arose and attired herself in a white morning-wrapper with crimson trimmings, and put upon her head a small square of white lace adorned with crimson bows. She had some time since discarded her widow's cap as “too horribly unbecoming.”

She ascertained that Neva was now in her own rooms, and took her way thither, the forged letters in her hand. Neva was alone when her step-mother, after a preliminary knock upon the door, entered her sitting-room, and she greeted Lady Wynde with a smile and a look of welcome.

Neva was looking very lovely this morning, flushed with her early exercise, her red-brown eyes strangely brilliant, her red-brown hair arranged in crimps and braids. She wore a simple dress of white lawn, made short to escape the ground, and her ribbons and ornaments were of black. Lady Wynde fancied that Neva's half-mourning attire was a reproach to her, and this fancied reproach, coupled with Neva's bright, spirited beauty, gave an impulse to her incipient dislike to the girl.

A vague jealousy of Neva's youth and loveliness had found place in her heart on the previous evening. Now that faint spark became fanned into a burning flame. She aspired to be a social queen, and here under her very roof and under her chaperonage was a girl who she felt sure would eclipse her. She would not be known in society as “the handsome Mrs. Black,” but as the chaperon of “the beautiful Miss Wynde.”

But, despite her anger and jealousy, nothing could have been more bland and affectionate than the greeting of Lady Wynde to her step-daughter. She kissed her with seeming tenderness, and caressed her bright hair as she said:

“How animated you look, my dear—fairly sparkling! I should fancy that you have an electric sort of temperament—all fire and glow. Is it not so? You remind me of your father, Neva. It will be very sweet to have you with me, but my grief at my husband's awful death has been so great that until now I could never bear to look upon his daughter's face. I fancied you would look even more like him, and I could not have borne the resemblance in my first grief.”

Lady Wynde sighed deeply, and sat down upon the blue silken couch, drawing Neva to a seat beside her.

“I have come in to have a long confidential talk with you, my child,” resumed her ladyship. “There should be between you and me strangely tender relations. Your poor dear father desired us to be all the world to each other, and for his sake, as well as your own, I intend to be a true and good mother to you.”

“Thank you, madam,” said Neva gravely, yet gratefully. “I will try to deserve your kindness, and to be a daughter to you.”

“You do not call me ‘mother,’” suggested Lady Wynde, reproachfully.

The young girl colored and her brilliant eyes were suddenly shadowed. Her scarlet lips quivered an instant, as she said, gently:

“Pardon me, dear Lady Wynde, but one has but one mother. I love my dead mother as if she were living, even though I know her only through my dear father's description of her. I cannot give you her name, and I think it would hardly be appropriate. You are too young to be called ‘mother’ by a grown-up girl. Does it not seem so to you?”

“Possibly you are right. Suit yourself, my dear. I seek only your happiness. I can be a mother to you, even if you decline to give me the name.”

“And I can equally be a daughter to you, dear Lady Wynde,” said Neva. “We shall be like sisters, I trust. And I desire to say that I hope you will consider yourself as fully mistress of Hawkhurst as when poor papa was here. I shall not interfere with your rule here, even if I may, until I attain my majority. While I live, my home shall be a home to my father's widow.”

“You are very kind, my dear. All these things will settle themselves hereafter. I have now to deliver to you a last message from your dear father—a message, as I might say, from the grave. Your father's voice speaks to you from the other world, my dear Neva, and I know that you will heed its call.”

Her ladyship drew forth the packet of letters and laid them on Neva's knee.

“You have there,” continued Lady Wynde, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, “the last letter I ever received from my dear husband. You may read it. You will see that he had a presentiment of his approaching death; that a gloom hung upon him that he could not shake off. That letter was written the night before his tragic death.”

Neva opened the letter with trembling hands and read it, even to the postscript upon the last page which had been forged by the cunning hand of Craven Black.

“The inclosure—ah, you have seen it,” said Lady Wynde—“is the letter alluded to in that last page of the letter to me. You see that it has never been opened. It is a sealed document to me in every sense, although, as poor Sir Harold often told me of his secret wishes in regard to your future, I have some suspicion of its contents. Your father requested me, should he die in India, to give you this letter one year after his death. The appointed time has now arrived, and I deliver into your hands the last letter your father ever wrote, and which contains his last sacred wishes in regard to you. You are to receive it as an addendum to his will, as a sacred charge, as if his voice were speaking to you from his home in heaven!”

She lifted the sealed letter, laying it in Neva's hands.

The young girl received it with an uncontrollable agitation.

“I—I must read it alone,” she said, brokenly.

“Very well, dear. Go into your dressing-room with it, and when you have finished it come back to me. I have more to say to you.”

Neva departed without a word, and went into the adjoining room. As the door closed behind her, Lady Wynde softly arose, crossed the floor and peeped in upon the young girl's privacy through the keyhole of the door.

Neva was alone in her dressing-room, and was kneeling down before a low chair upon which she had laid the forged letter, as yet unopened. The baronet's widow watched the girl as she examined the address and the seal, and then cut open the top of the letter with a pocket-knife. Neva unfolded the closely written sheet, stamped with her father's monogram, and with low sobs and tear-blinded eyes began to read the letter, accepting it without doubt or question as her father's last letter to her.

Lady Wynde's eyes gleamed, and a mocking smile played about her full, sensual lips, as Neva read slowly page after page, still upon her knees, now and then pausing to kiss the handwriting she believed to be her father's. The forger's work had been well done. The tender pet names by which Sir Harold had loved to call his daughter were often repeated with such protestations of affection as would most stir a loving daughter's heart when receiving them long after the death of her father, and believing them to have been written by that father's hand.

“Oh, papa! Poor, poor papa!” the girl sobbed. “He foresaw my loneliness and desolation, and left these last words to cheer me. I will remember your wishes so often expressed in this and other letters. I will be kind and gentle and obedient to Lady Wynde. I will try to love her for your sake.”

When she had grown calmer, Neva read on. As she read that her father had a last request to make of her, she smiled through her tears, and murmured:

“I am glad that he has left me something to do—whatever it may be. I should like to feel that I am obeying him still, although he is in heaven. Dear papa, your request is to me a sacred command, and I shall so consider it!”

Lady Wynde's eyes glittered like balls of jet. She had estimated rightly the child-like trust of Neva in her father's love and devotion to her.

Neva perused the letter slowly, and again and again, with careful deliberation. Her surprise became apparent on her features, but there was no disbelief, no distrust, betrayed in her truthful face. But a wan whiteness overspread her cheeks and lips, and a weary look came into her eyes as she folded the letter at last and hid it in her bosom. She bent her head as if in prayer, and murmured words which Lady Wynde tried in vain to hear. They were simple —only these:

“It is very strange—very strange; but papa meant it for the best. He feared to leave me unprotected, and a prey to fortune-hunters. Who is this Rufus Black? Oh, if papa had only mentioned Lord—Lord Towyn!”

The very thought brought a vivid scarlet to Neva's face in place of her strange pallor, and, as if frightened at her own thought, she arose and went to the open window and leaned upon the casement.

Lady Wynde stole back to her couch, and she was sitting upon it the picture of languor, when Neva returned, very pale now and subdued, and with a shadow of trouble in her eyes.

“You have finished your letter so soon, dear?” asked the step-mother, sweetly. “I believe I can guess what were the last injunctions to you of your dear father. He often told me of his plans for you. Shall you do as he desired?”

Again the glowing scarlet flush covered Neva's cheeks, lips, even her slender throat.

“My father's last wishes are a command to me,” she said slowly, yet as if her mind were quite made up to obey the supposed wishes of her father.

“It was Sir Harold's request that you should marry a young man in whom he took considerable interest—one Rufus Black, was it not?” asked Lady Wynde.

Neva uttered a low assent.

“And you will marry this young fellow?”

“My father liked him well enough to make him my—my husband,” said Neva. “I can trust my father's judgment in all things. I never disobeyed papa in his life, and I cannot disobey him now that he seems to speak to me from Heaven. If—if Rufus Black ever proposes marriage to me, and if he is still worthy of the good opinion papa formed of him, I—I—”

Here voice broke down, as she remembered the fair, boyish face, the warm blue eyes, the tawny hair and noble air of Lord Towyn, and again with inward shame the question framed itself in her mind—why could not her father have recommended to her affection young Arthur Towyn, whom her father had loved next to his own son? Why must he desire her to marry a man she had never seen?

“You will marry Rufus?” demanded Lady Wynde, as the girl's pause became protracted.

Neva bowed her head—she could not speak.

Lady Wynde's face glowed, and an evil light gleamed in her eyes. Her heart throbbed wildly with her evil triumph.

“You are indeed a good and faithful daughter, Neva,” she said, caressingly. “In accordance with your father's wishes, I must give Mr. Black every chance to woo you. I believe he knows something of what Sir Harold designed for you and him, and he is at this moment at Wyndham village. He is staying at the inn with his father, and both will call upon you this evening.”

“So soon?”

“The sooner the better. I have not seen Rufus Black, but his father called here last evening. The father knew poor Sir Harold intimately. And Neva, dear, in honor of your guests, and in deference to my wishes, you ought to lay aside all vestige of your mourning to-day. You have worn black a year, and that is all that modern society demands.”

“The outward garb does not always indicate the feelings of the heart,” said Neva. “I will change my manner of dress, since you desire it, but I shall mourn for papa all my days.”

As Neva became thoughtful and abstracted, Lady Wynde soon took her leave. She found Artress in her sitting-room, and the gray companion had no need to ask of her success.

“Our silly little fish has swallowed the bait,” said Lady Wynde. “She is ready to immolate herself ‘for dear papa's sake,’ although I could see that she is already interested in Lord Towyn. I am impatient for evening. I want to see how young Rufus Black will proceed.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEETING OF NEVA AND RUFUS.

The hours of his father's absence in London were full of an insupportable suspense to Rufus Black. He was tempted to hurry up to town by the next train, and only his weakness and cowardice prevented him from flying to the succor of his wronged young wife. His terror of his father was a lion in his way. And the act of perjury he had committed in declaring himself of age when obtaining his marriage license—an act more of thoughtlessness and boyish ardor than of deliberate lying—arose now between him and poor Lally like a wall of iron. He had erred, and must accept the consequences; but he thought to himself that he would give all his hopes of heaven if Lally might have been spared his punishment.

Anguished and despairing, he put on his hat and hurried out into the street, eager for fresh air and for action. He passed out of the little hamlet, seeing no one, and wandered into the open country, where a noble park bordered one side of the road, and fair green fields stretched far away upon the other. Both park and fields belong to the domain of Hawkhurst, but Rufus Black was unconscious of the fact until he came out in full view of the great gray-stone house throned upon the broad ridge of ground, and set in its parks and gardens like some rare jewel in it setting.

Then he recognized the place, and muttered moodily:

“So, this is what I am to sell my soul for? A goodly price, no doubt, and more than it is worth. The owner of all this wealth cannot go begging for a husband, be she ugly as Medusa. Perhaps, after all, I have been troubling myself for nothing. She may not choose to accept a shabby young man, without a penny in his pocket, and with a gloomy face. If she refuses me, I dare say that father will let me go back to Lally.”

This thought afforded him some comfort, and he plodded on, seeking relief from his troubles in exertion. He cared not whither he went, and his surprise was great when at last, arousing from his abstraction, he found himself in the streets of Canterbury.

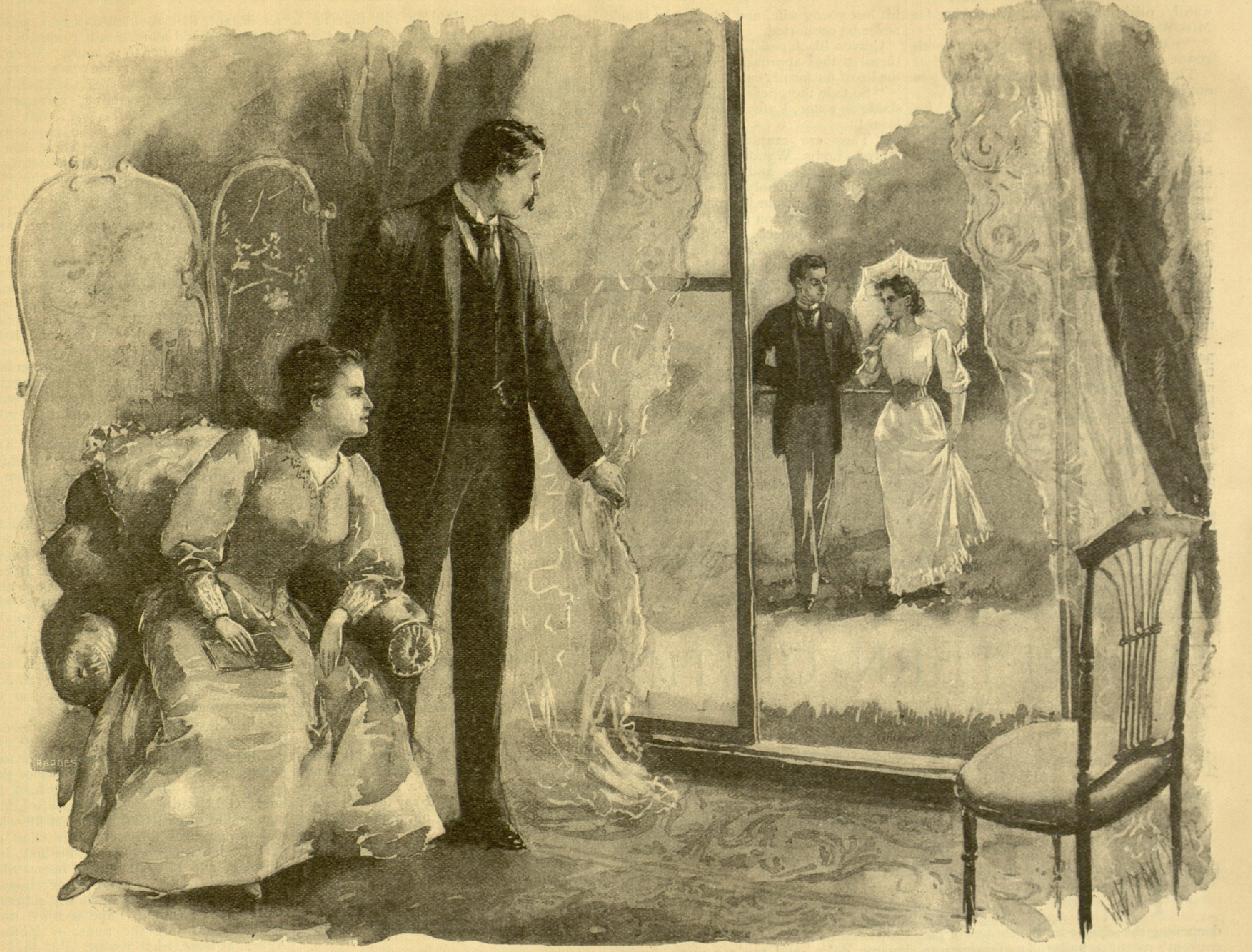
He was near an inn of the humbler sort, and, with a sudden recklessness as to what became of him, he turned into the low bar-room and demanded a private parlor. A bare little apartment on the upper floor, overlooking the inn-stables, was assigned him. The floor was uncovered, and a deal table, rush-bottomed chair and rickety lounge made up the sum of the furniture.

Rufus called for brandy and water, tossing a shilling to the frowsy waiter. A decanter of brandy and a bottle of water were brought to him, and he entered upon a solitary orgy. He had not been used to drink, and the fiery liquid mounted to his brain, inducing stupidity and drunkenness. For an hour or two, he drank with brief intermission, but sleep overpowered him, and his head fell upon the table and he snored heavily. With his red face, disheveled hair and stertorous breathing, his unmistakable aspect of drunkenness, he presented a terrible contrast to the hopeful boy-artist, with his honest eyes and loving soul, who had made the dingy lodging in New Brompton a very paradise to poor Lally.

The day wore on. A waiter looked in upon the poor wreck once or twice, and went away each time chuckling. In the latter part of the afternoon, Rufus awakened and came to himself. Ashamed and conscience-stricken, his first thought being of what Lally would think of him, he summoned a waiter and demanded strong coffee and food. These were furnished him, and, having partaken of them, he settled his bill and set out to walk back to Wyndham.

“It makes no difference what becomes of me now,” he said to himself, as he strode along the return route. “I have started down hill and I may as well keep on descending.”

He had accomplished half the distance between Canterbury and his destination,



"UNSTABLE AS WATER, RUFUS IS ALREADY THIS GIRL'S LOVER."

when a four-wheeled cab, travelling briskly, came up behind him, compelling him to take to the side path. The next moment the cab stopped, and Craven Black's head was protruded from the open window, and Craven Black's smooth voice called:

"Is that you, Rufus? What are you doing away out here? Jump in! Jump in!"

Rufus obeyed, entering the vehicle, and the cabman drove on.

"Where have you been?" demanded the elder Black, as the son settled himself upon the front seat and opposite his father.

"I have spent the day in Canterbury," returned Rufus, sullenly.

"What have you been doing there?"

"Getting drunk," was the dogged answer.

The young man's face testified to his truthfulness. His eyes, wild in their glances, were bloodshot and watery, and he had a reckless air, as if he had thrown off all restraints of virtue and decency.

Craven Black experienced a sense of alarm. He began to fear lest his son would defeat all his plans by his obstinacy and recklessness.

"You do not ask me about the girl, Rufus," said the father, with more than usual gentleness. "I have seen her."

"I supposed you had," was the reply. "I gave you her address."

"I told her the truth," said Craven Black, puzzled by his son's strange mood. "I explained to her kindly enough that her marriage with you was no marriage at all. She readily accepted the situation. She cried a little, to be sure, but she said herself that she was of lower rank than you, and that the match was too unequal. She—she said that of course all was over between you, and it was best you and she should never meet again; and, in fact, to render any such meeting impossible, she left her lodging while I was there."

Rufus fixed a burning gaze upon his father.

"I don't believe a word you say!" he cried. "The news you carried to her broke my darling's heart. Do you suppose I do not know how much she loved me? I was all she had in the wide world—her only friend. Think of that, sir! Her only friend! And you have torn me from her! If she dies of grief, you are her murderer!"

Craven Black shuddered involuntarily, remembering poor Lally's flight and his conviction that she had gone to destroy herself. His emotion did not pass unnoticed by his son.

"Poor Lally!" said Rufus, his voice trembling. "It's all over between us forever. I have blighted her life, ruined her good name and made her an outcast. Yet it was not I who did this. It was you. Her blood be upon your head! If I could find her and were free to woo her she would never take me back, now that I have proved myself a liar, perjurer and pitiful, wretched coward. It is, indeed, all over between us. You can do what you like with the wreck you have made me. You might have given me a chance to redeem myself; you might have let me be true to her, but you would make me perjure myself doubly. I hope you are pleased with your work."

"Let there be an end to this silly boyishness!" exclaimed Mr. Black, harshly. "You have done with the girl and are about to enter upon a new life. I have generously forgiven your errors and your crimes. If you repeat the drunkenness of to-day, I'll send you to prison. Try me, and see if I do not! I have brought you a trunk from London filled with new clothing from your tailor, shirt-maker, bootmaker and jeweler. I have spared no expense to make you look as my son should look; and now, by Heaven, if you disgrace me to-night by any recklessness and folly, any mock despair, I'll prosecute you on that charge of perjury!"

"You need not fear that I shall disgrace myself or insult my hostess," said Rufus, doggedly. "You think no one has the instincts of a gentleman save yourself."

With such recriminations as these the pair beguiled their drive to Wyndham; nor did they cease from them after their arrival in Mr. Black's private parlor. A sullen silence succeeded in good time and reigned throughout the dinner, of which they partook together. After dinner they retired to their several rooms to dress.

The trunk Mr. Black had brought from London had been deposited in his son's chamber. Rufus had the key, and unlocked the receptacle, bringing to light an ample supply of fine garments, perfume-cases and a dressing-case.

He arrayed his boyish figure in his new, black garments, noticing even in his despair that they fitted him as if he had been measured for them. He waited in his room until his father came for him, and submitted sullenly to his father's careful inspection.

"You'll do," commented Craven Black. "If you act as well as you look, I shall be satisfied. Mind, if you mention to Miss Wynde one word about the girl Lally, it's all up with you. The cab is waiting. Come on!"

They descended together to the cab, and were conveyed to Hawkhurst. On arriving at the mansion, they alighted, and entered the great baronial hall, sending in their cards to Lady Wynde by the footman. The baronet's widow having signified to her domestic that she was "always at home" to Mr. Black and his son, the visitors were ushered into the drawing-room.

Lady Wynde and Artress arose to receive them. Craven Black presented his son, and the baronet's widow welcomed the young man graciously. She was looking unusually well this evening in a robe of pale-amber silk, with her cheeks glowing with suppressed excitement. Rufus remembered having seen her before her marriage to Sir Harold Wynde, and his face brightened as at the sight of a friend.

He was acquainted, although slightly, with his father's cousin, Mrs. Artress, and as he held out his hand to her, he looked his surprise at seeing her at the house of Lady Wynde.

"I am her ladyship's companion," said Artress, explainingly. "My husband left me very poor, you know, Rufus, and I have been in dear Lady Wynde's employ for some three years. I beg you not to recognize me as a relative, nor to mention the fact to any one. I have my family pride, you know, Rufus, and it is hard to be obliged to earn one's own living when one has not been brought up to it."

Her reasons for concealment of the relationship existing between them seemed to Rufus no reasons at all; but he could not gainsay her wishes, and muttered that he would obey her.

"Miss Wynde has gone out for a solitary stroll in the park," observed Lady Wynde, as Mr. Black's eyes wandered about the room. "I sent her out for the fresh air. She is not looking well, I regret to say. Mr. Rufus, if you will be kind enough to go down the wide park avenue, you cannot fail to find her. I beg you will introduce yourself to her, and bring her back to the house."

Rufus bowed, and stepping lightly out of the open window, moved leisurely toward the park.

"There is nothing like an informal meeting," said Lady Wynde, looking after the young man. "I planned to have the meeting occur in this way, so that neither should be embarrassed by the presence of a third party."

"I should have preferred to keep my eye upon Rufus," remarked Mr. Black, uneasily. "Did you give the letter to the young lady?"

"Yes, and she received it exactly as I had expected she would. She is not at all the style of girl I looked for, Craven, and it is fortunate for our plans that she cared so much for her father."

While the conspirators were thus conversing, Rufus crossed the lawn and entered the park by a small gate. The wide avenue, a fine carriage drive, was readily found, and Rufus walked for some distance upon it, keeping a vigilant look-out for Miss Wynde. He was beginning to meditate upon a return to the house without the young lady, when a flutter of white garments among the dusky shadows of a side-path caught his gaze. He plunged into the path without hesitation, and presently overtook the wearer of the garments, who was, of course, Miss Wynde.

Hearing his swift approach, she halted and turned her face toward him. Rufus also halted, strangely embarrassed under her brave full glance. She had laid aside her mourning garments, and wore a simple girlish gown, in which she looked very fair and dainty. Her wine-brown eyes were all aglow, but her cheeks were pale, and her face was very grave, even to sadness.

"I beg your pardon," said Rufus awkwardly, raising his hat. "I am looking for Miss Wynde."

"I am Miss Wynde," said Neva, with gentle courtesy.

The young man's embarrassment was not lessened by this announcement.

"Lady Wynde sent me to look for you," he declared. "I—I am Rufus Black!"

Neva started and looked at him with her grave, serious eyes. He appeared to advantage in his new garments, and his face was pale and worn by the day's dissipation. His sorrows and his sickness had given him a refined look, and his eyes met hers frankly and honestly, with a real admiration in their gaze.

Neva's cheeks flushed slightly, and her heart fluttered. Clearly Rufus Black had made a favorable impression upon her in the first glance.

They turned and walked slowly up the path together, entering the avenue. Rufus tried to conquer his unwonted awkwardness, and, singularly impressed with Neva's beauty, exerted himself to please her. They sauntered on, stopping now and then to gather ferns or flowers, and when they emerged from the path upon the lawn they were chatting gayly and on the best of terms with each other.

And yet the heart of each was strangely sore. Neva thought of "what might have been," and sighed in her inmost soul that the husband her father was supposed by her to have chosen for her was not the one her heart most longed for; and Rufus mourned as bitterly as ever in his soul for his lost young wife, and felt that he should never be comforted.

Craven Black and Lady Wynde watched them as they approached the house, and the lip of the former curled as he muttered:

"So fade the griefs of the young! Unstable as water, Rufus is already this girl's lover!"

"They are mutually pleased," murmured Lady Wynde. "Her father's supposed wishes and this young man's interesting melancholy will soon efface Lord Towyn's image from Neva's mind, if it has made any impression there."

It seemed, indeed, as if the opinion of the wise conspirators would be justified.

The young couple halted upon the lawn, and Neva's gravity and the melancholy of Rufus began to disappear, when the lodge-gates swung open and three gentlemen came riding up the avenue.

The long twilight had begun, and even Neva's keen eyes could not recognize the newcomers at that distance, and she chatted merrily to Rufus, who answered as lightly. But as the horsemen came nearer, and Neva regarded them more closely, a sudden silence fell upon her, and a strange shyness seized her.

It was a critical movement in the progress of the game which Craven Black and Lady Wynde were playing, and these newcomers had arrived in time to give a new turn to it.

For Neva recognized them as the three guardians of her property—Sir John Freise, Mr. Atkins and young Lord Towyn!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 26.]

THE RETURN OF THE O'MAHONY.*

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

CHAPTER XXIV—*(Continued).*

THE VICTORY OF THE "CATHACH."

"'TIS wid you alone I want to spake," said Kate, bluntly, to the mother superior.

The April twilight was deepening the shadows in the corners of the convent's reception hall, and mellowing into a uniformity of ugliness the faces of the four Misses O'Daly who sat on the long bench before the fireless hearth. These young women were strangers to Muirisc, and had but yesterday arrived from their country homes in Kerry or the Macroom district to enter the convent of which their remote relation was patron. They were plain, small-farmers' daughters, with flat faces, high cheek-bones and red hands. They had risen in clumsy humility when Kate entered the room, staring in admiration at her beauty, and even more at her hat; they had silently seated themselves again at a sign from the mother superior, still staring in round-eyed wonder at this novel kind of young woman; and they clung now stolidly to their bench, in the face of Kate's remark. Perhaps they did not comprehend it. But they understood and obeyed the almost contemptuous gesture by which the aged nun bade them leave the room.

"What will it be, thin, *Dubhdeasa?*" asked Mother Agnes, with affectionate gravity, seating herself as she spoke. The burden of eighty years rested lightly upon the lean figure and thin, wax-like face of the nun. Only a close glance would have revealed the fine net-work of wrinkles covering this pallid skin, and her shrewd observant eyes flashed still with the keenness of youth. "Tell me, what will it be?"

"I've a broken heart in me, that's all!" said the girl.

She had walked to one of the two narrow little windows, and stood looking out, yet seeing nothing for the mist of tears that might not be kept down. Only the affectation of defiance preserved her voice from breaking.

"Here there will be rist and p'ace of mind," intoned the other. "'T is but a day more, Katie, and thin ye'll be wan of us, wid all the worriments and throubles of the world laygues behind ye."

The girl shook her head with vehemence and paced the stone floor restlessly.

"'T is I who'll be opening the dure to 'em and bringing 'em all in here, instid. No fear, Mother Agnes, they'll folly me wheriver I go."

The other smiled gently, and shook her vailed head in turn.

"'T is little a child like you drames of the rale throubles of life," she murmured. "Whin ye're older, ye'll bliss the good day that gave ye this holy refuge, and saved ye from thim all. Oh, Katie, darlin', when I see you standing be me side in your habit—'t is mesilf had it made be the Misses Maguire in Skibbereen, the same that sews the vistmints for the bishop himself—I can lay me down, and say me *nunc dimittis* wid a thankful heart!"

Kate sighed deeply and turned away. It was the trusting sweetness of affection with which old Mother Agnes had enveloped her ever since the promise to take vows had been wrung from her reluctant tongue that rose most effectually always to restrain her from reconsidering that promise. It was clear enough that the venerable O'Mahony nuns found in the speedy prospect of her joining them the one great controlling joy of their lives. Thinking upon this now, it was natural enough for her to say:

"Can thim O'Daly girls rade and write, I wonder?"

"Oh, they've had schooling, all of them. 'T is not what you had here, be anny manes, but 't will serve."

"Just think ye, Mother Agnes," Kate burst forth, "what it'll be like to be shut with such craytures as thim afther—afther you do be l'aving us!"

"They're very humble," said the nun, hesitatingly. "'T is more of that same spirit I'd fain be seeing in yoursilf, Katie! And in that they've small enough resimblance to Cormac O'Daly, who's raked 'em up from the highways and byways to make profission here. And oh—tell me now—old Ellen that brings the milk did be mintioning to Sister Blanaid that O'Daly was gone somewhere, and that there was talk about it."

"Talk, is it!" exclaimed Kate, whose introspective mood had driven this subject from her mind, but who now spoke with eagerness. "That's the word for it, 'talk.' 'T is me mother, for pure want of something to say, that putt the notion into Sergeant O'Flaherty's thick skull, and, w'u'd ye belave it, they've brought more poliss to the town, and they're worriting the loives out of the people wid quistions and suspicions. I'm told they've even gone out to the bog and arristed some of thim poor wretches of O'Driscolls that Cormac putt out of their cottages last winter. The idea of it!"

"Where there's so much smoke there's some bit of fire," said the older woman. "Where *is* O'Daly?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"'T is not my affair!" she said, curtly. "I know where he w'u'd be, if I'd my will."

"Katie," chanted the nun, in tender reproof, "what spirit d'ye call that for a woman who's within four-an'-twinty hours of making her profission! Pray for yoursilf, child, that these worldly feelings may be taken from ye!"

"Mother Agnes," said the girl, "if I'm to pretind to love Cormac O'Daly, thin, wance for all, 't is no use!"

"We're bidden to love all thim that despite—"

The nun broke off her quotation abruptly. A low wailing sound from the bowels of the earth beneath them rose through the flags of the floor, and filled the chamber with a weird and ghostly dying-away echo. Mother Agnes sprang to her feet.

"'T is the Hostage again!" she cried. "Sister Ellen vowed to me she heard him throught the night. Did *you* hear him but now?"

"I heard *it*," said Kate, simply.

The mother superior, upon reflection, seated herself again.

"'T is a strange business," she said, at last. Her shrewd eyes, wandering in a meditative gaze about the chamber, avoided Kate's face. "'T is twilve years since last we heard him," she mused aloud, "and that was the night of the storm. 'T is a sign of misfortune to hear him, they say—and the blowing down of the walls that toime was taken be us to fulfill that same. But sure, within the week, The O'Mahony had gone on his thravels, and pious Cormac O'Daly had taken his place, and the convint prospered more than iver. At laste *that* was no misfortune."

"Hark to me, Mother Agnes," said Kate, with emphasis. "You never did be favoring The O'Mahony, as will I remimber, but ye're a fair-minded woman and a holy woman, and I challange ye now to tell me honest: Was not anny wan hair on The O'Mahony's hid worth the whole carcase of Cormac O'Daly? 'T was an evil day for Muirisc whin he sailed away. If the convint has prospered, me word, 't is what nothing else in Muirisc has done. And l'aving aside your office as a religious, is it sp'aking will for a place to say that three old women in it are better off, and all the rist have suffered?"

"Katie!" admonished the other. "Ye'll be repinting thim words a week hence! To hearken to ye, wan would think yer heart was not in the profission ye're to make."

The girl gave a scornful, little laugh.

"Did I iver pretind it was?" she demanded.

"'T is you are a contrairy crayture!" sighed the mother superior. "Here now for all these cinturies, through all the storms and wars and confiscations, this holy house has stud firm be the old faith. There's not another family in Ireland has kept the mass in its own chapel, wid its own nuns kneeling before that same, and niver a break or interruption at all. I'll l'ave it to yer own sinse: Can ye compare the prosperity of a mere village, or a hundred of 'em, wid such a glorious and unayqualed riccord as that? Why, girl, 't is you should be proud beyond measure and thankful that ye're born and bred and selicted to carry on such a grand tradition. To be hid of the convint of the O'Mahonys 't is more historically splindid than to be queen of England."

"But if I come to be the hid at all," retorted Kate, "sure, 't will be of a convint of O'Dalys."

The venerable woman heaved another sigh and looked at the floor in silence.

Kate pursued her advantage eagerly.

"Sure, I've me full share of pride in proper things," she said, "and no O'Mahony of them all held his family higher in his mind than I do. And me blood lapes to ivery word you say about that same. But would *you*—Agnes O'Mahony as ye were born—would you be asking me to have pride in the O'Dalys? And that's what 't is intinded to make of the convint now. For my part, I'd be for saying: 'L'ave the convint doy now wid the last of the ladies of our own family rather than keep it alive at the expinse of giving it to the O'Dalys.'"

Mother Agnes shook her head.

"I've me carnal feelings no liss than you," she said, "and me family pride to subdue. But even if the victory of humility were denied me, what c'u'd we do? For the moment, I'll put this holy house to wan side. What can *you* do? How can you stand up forninst Cormac O'Daly's determination? Remimber, widout him ye're but a homeless gurrul, Katie."

"And whose fault is that, Mother Agnes?" asked Kate, with swift glance and tone. "Will ye be telling me 't was The O'Mahony's? Did he l'ave me widout a four-penny bit, dependent on others, or was it that others stole me money and desaved me, and to-day are keeping me out of me own? Tell me that, Mother Agnes."

The nun's ivory-tinted face flushed for an instant, then took on a deeper pallor. Her gaze, lifted momentarily toward Kate, strayed beyond her to vacancy. She rose to her full height and made a forward step, then stood, fumbling confusedly at her beads, and with trembling, half-opened lips.

"'T is not in me power," she stammered, slowly and with difficulty. "There—there *was* something—I've not thought of it for so long—I do be forgetting strangely—"

She broke off abruptly, threw up her withered hands in a gesture of despair, and then, never looking at the girl, turned and with bowed head left the room.

Kate still stood staring in mingled amazement and apprehension at the arched casement through which Mother Agnes had vanished, when the oak door was pushed open again, and Sister Blanaid, a smaller and younger woman, yet bent and half-palsied under the weight of years, showed herself in the aperture. She bore in her arms, shoving the door aside with it as she feebly advanced, a square wooden box, dust-begrimed and covered in part with reddish cow-skin.

"Take it away!" she mumbled. "'T is the mother-supayrior's desire ye should take it from here. 'T is an evil day that's on us! Go fling this haythen box into the bay and thin pray for yoursilf and for her, who's taken that grief for ye she's like to die!"

The door closed again, and Kate found herself mechanically bearing this box in her arms and making her way out through the darkened hallways to the outer air. Only when she stood on the steps of the porch, and set down her burden to adjust her hat, did she recognize it. Then, with a murmuring cry of delight, she stooped and snatched it up again. It was the *cathach* which The O'Mahony had given her to keep.

On the instant, as she looked out across the open green upon the harbor, the bay, the distant peninsula of Kilcrohane peacefully gathering to itself the shadows of the falling twilight—how it all came back to her! On the day of his departure—that memorable black-letter day in her life—he had turned over this rude little chest to her; he had told her it was his luck, his talisman, and now should be hers. She had carried it, not to her mother's home, but to the tiny school-room in the old convent, for safe-keeping. She recalled now that she had told the nuns, or Mother Agnes, at least, what it was. But then—then there came a blank in her memory. She could not force her mind to remember when she ceased to think about it—when it made its way into the lumber-room where it had apparently lain so long.

But, at all events, she had it now again. She bent her head to touch with her lips one of the rough strips of skin nailed irregularly upon it; then, with a shining face, bearing the box, like some sanctified shrine, against her breast, she moved across the village-common toward the wharf and the water.

The injunction of quavering old Blanaid to cast it into the bay drifted uppermost in her thoughts, and she smiled to herself. She had been bidden, also, to pray; and reflection upon this chased the smile away. Truly, there was need for prayer. Her perplexed mind called up, one by one, in disheartening array, the miseries of her position, and drew new unhappiness from the confusion of right and wrong which they presented. How could she pray to be delivered from what Mother Agnes held up as the duties of piety? And, on the other hand, what sincerity could there be in any other kind of spiritual petition?

She wandered along the shore-sands under the cliffs, the box tightly clasped in her arms, her eyes musingly bent upon the brown reaches of drenched seaweed which lay at play with the receding tide.

Her mind conjured up the image of a smiling and ruddy young face, sun-burned and thatched with crisp, curly brown hair—the face of that curious young O'Mahony from Houghton County. His blue eye looked at her half quizzically, half beseechingly, but Kate resolutely drove the image away. He was only the merest trifle less mortal than the others.

So musing, she strolled onward. Suddenly she stopped, and lifted her head triumphantly; the smile had flashed forth again upon her face, and the dark eyes were all aglow. A thought had come to her—so convincing, so unanswerable, so joyously uplifting, that she paused to marvel at having been blind to it so long. Clear as noon sunlight on Mount Gabriel was it what she should pray for.

What *could* it ever have been, this one crowning object of prayer, but the return of The O'Mahony?

As her mental vision adapted itself to the radiance of this revelation, the abstracted glance which she had allowed to

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wander over the bay was arrested by a concrete object. Two hundred yards from the water's edge a strange vessel had heaved to, and was casting anchor. Kate could hear the chain rattling out from the capstan, even as she looked.

The sight sent all prayerful thoughts scurrying out of her head. The presence of vessels of the size of the new-comer was in itself most unusual at Muirisc. But Kate's practiced eye noticed a strange novelty. The craft, though thick of beam and ungainly in line, carried the straight running bowsprit of a cutter, and in addition to its cutter sheets had a jigger lug-sail. The girl watched these eccentric sails as they were dropped and reefed, with a curious sense of having seen them somewhere before—as if in a vision or some old picture-book of childhood. Confused memories stirred within her as she gazed, and held her mind in day-dream captivity. A figure she seemed vaguely to know, stood now at the gunwale.

The spell was rudely broken by a wild shout from the cliff close above her. On the instant, amid a clatter of falling stones and a veritable landslide of sand, rocks and turf, a human figure came rolling, clambering and tumbling down the declivity, and ran toward her, its arms stretched and waving with frantic gestures, and emitting inarticulate cries and groans as it came.

The astonished girl instinctively raised the box in her hands, to use it as a missile. But, lo, it was old Murphy who, half stumbling to his knees at her feet, fiercely clutched her skirts, and pointed in a frenzy of excitement seaward!

"Wid yer own eyes see it—see it, Miss Katie!" he screamed. "Ye can see it yersilf! It's not dr'aming I am!"

"It's drunk ye are instead, thin, Murphy," said the girl, sharply, though in great wonderment.

"Wid joy! Wid joy I'm drunk!" the old man shouted, dancing on the sands and slippery sea-litter like one possessed, and whirling his arms about his head.

"Murphy, man! What ails ye? In the name of the Lord—what—"

The browned, wild-eyed, ragged old madman had started at a headlong pace across the wet waste of weeds, and plunged now through the breakers, wading with long strides—knee-deep, then immersed to the waist. He turned for an instant to shout back:

"I'll swim to him if I drown for it! *'T is the master come back!*"

The girl fell to her knees on the sand, then reverently bowed her head till it rested upon the box before her.

CHAPTER XXV.

BERNARD'S GOOD CHEER.

"Sorra a wink o' sleep could I get the night," groaned the wife of O'Daly—Mrs. Fergus—"what with me man murthered, an' me daughter drowned, an' me nerves that disthracted 't was past the power of hot dhrink to abate 'em!"

It was early morning in the reception hall of the convent. The old nuns sat on their bench in a row, blinking in the bright light which poured through the casement as they gazed at their visitor, and tortured their unworldly wits over the news she brought. The young chaplain, Father Jago, had come in from the mass, still wearing soutane and beretta. He leaned his burly weight against the mantel, smiling inwardly at thoughts of breakfast, but keeping his heavy face drawn in solemn lines to fit these grievous tidings.

The mother superior sighed despairingly, and spoke in low, quavering tones. "Here, too, no one did be sleeping," she said. "Ah, thin, 't is too much sorrow for us! By rayson of our years we 've no stringth to bear it."

"Ah—sure—'t is different wid you," remarked Mrs. Fergus. "Ye 've no proper notion of the m'aning of sleep. Faith, all your life ye 've been wakened bechune naps by your prayer-bell. 'T is no throuble to you. Ye 're accustomed to 't. But wid me—if I 've me rist broken, I 'm killed entirely. 'T is me nerves!"

"Aye, them nerves of yours—would I be hearin' of 'em before?" put in Mother Agnes, with a momentary gleam of carnal delight in combat on her waxen face. Then sadness resumed its sway. "Aye, aye, Katie! Katie!" she moaned, slowly shaking her vailed head. "Child of our prayers, daughter of the White Foam, pride of the O'Mahonys, darlin' of our hearts—what ailed ye to l'ave us?"

The mother superior's words quavered upward into a wail as they ended. The sound awakened the ancestral "keening" instinct in the other aged nuns, and stirred the thin blood in their veins. They broke forth in weird lamentations.

"Her hair was the glory of Desmond, that weighty and that fine!" chanted Sister Ellen. "Ah, wirra, wirra!"

"She had it from me," said Mrs. Fergus, her hand straying instinctively to her crimps. Her voice had caught the mourning infection: "Ah-hoo! Katie avourneen," she wailed in vocal sympathy. "Come back to us, darlint!"

"She 'd the neck of the Swan of the Lake of Three Castles!" mumbled Sister Blanaid. "'T was that same was said of Grace O'Sullivan—the bride of The O'Mahony of Ballydivlin—an' he was kilt on the strand benayth the walls—an' she lookin' on wid her grand black eyes—"

"Is it floatin' in the waves ye are, *ma creevin cno*—wid the fishes surroundin' ye?" sobbed Mrs. Fergus.

Sister Blanaid's thick tongue took up the keening again. "'T was me druv her out! 'Go 'long wid ye,' says I, 'an' t'row that haythen box o' yours into the bay'—an' she did be goin' and t'rowin' her purty self in instead; woe an' prosthration to this house!—an' may the Lord—"

Father Jago at this took his elbow from the mantel and straightened himself. "Whisht, now, aisy!" he said, in a tone of parental authority. "There 's modheration in all things. Sure ye 've not a scintilla of ividince that there 's annyone dead at all. Where 's the sinse of laminting a loss ye 're not sure of—and that, too, on an impty stomach?"

"Nivir bite or sup more will I take till I 've tidings of her!" said the mother superior.

"The more rayson why I 'll not be waiting longer for ye now," commented the priest; and with this he left the room. As he closed the door behind him, a grateful odor of frying bacon momentarily spread upon the air. Mrs. Fergus sniffed it, and half rose from her seat; but the nuns clung resolutely to their theme, and she sank bank again.

"'T is my belafe," Sister Ellen began, "that voice we 've heard, 't is from no Hostage at all—'t is the banshee of the O'Mahonys."

The mother superior shook her head.

"Is it likely, thin, Ellen O'Mahony," she queried, "that *our* banshee would be distrissed for an O'Daly? Sure the grand noise was made whin Cormac himsilf disappeared."

"His marryin' me—'t is clear enough that putt him in the family," said Mrs. Fergus. "'T would be flat injustice to me to l'ave my man go an' niver a keen raised for him. I 'll stand on me rights for that much, Agnes O'Mahony!"

"A fine confusion ye 'd have of it, thin," retorted the mother superior. "The O'Dalys do be havin' their own banshee—she 's set up her keen in Kilcrohane these hundreds of years—and for ours to be meddlin', for that she 's merely related by marriage—sure, 't would not be endured."

The dubious problem of a family-banshee's duties has never been elucidated beyond this point, for on the instant there came a violent ringing of the big bell outside, the hoarse clangor of which startled the women into excited silence. A minute later, the white-capped lame old woman-servant threw open the door.

A young man, with a ruddy, smiling face and a carriage of boyish confidence, entered the room. He cast an inquiring glance over the group. Then, recognizing Mrs. Fergus, he gave a little exclamation of pleasure, and advanced toward her with outstretched hand.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. O'Daly?" he exclaimed, cordially shaking her hand. "Pray keep your seat. I 'm just playing in luck to find *you* here. Won't you—eh—be kind enough to—eh—introduce me?"

"'T is a young gintleman from Ameriky, Mr. O'Mahony by name," Mrs. Fergus stammered, flushed with satisfaction in his remembrance, but doubtful as to the attitude of the nuns.

The ladies of the Hostage's Tears had drawn themselves into as much dignified erectness as their age and infirmities permitted. They eyed this amazing newcomer in mute surprise. Mother Agnes, after the first shock at the invasion, nodded frostily in acknowledgment of his respectful bow.

"Get around an' spake to her in her north ear," whispered Mrs. Fergus; "she 'll not be hearin' ye in the other."

Bernard had been long enough in West Carbery to comprehend her meaning. In that strange old district there is no right or left, no front or back—only points of the compass. A gesture from Mrs. Fergus helped him now to guess where the north might lie in matters auricular.

"I didn't stand on ceremony," he said, laying his hat on the table and drawing off his gloves. "I 've driven over post-haste from Skibbereen this morning—the car 's outside—and I rushed in here the first thing. I—I hope sincerely that I 'm in time."

"'In toime?'" the superior repeated, in a tone of annoyed mystification. "That depinds entoirely, sir, on your own intintions. I 've no information, sir, as to either who ye are or what ye 're afther doing."

"No, of course not," said Bernard, in affable apology. "I ought to have thought of that. I 'll explain things, ma'am, if you 'll permit me. As I said, I 've just raced over this morning from Skibbereen."

Mother Agnes made a stately inclination of her vailed head.

"Ye 'd a grand morning for your drive," she said.

"I didn't notice," the young man replied, with a frank smile. "I was too busy thinking of something else. The truth is, I spent last evening with the bishop."

Again the mother superior bowed slightly.

"An estimable man," she remarked, coldly.

"Oh, yes; nothing could have been friendlier," pursued Bernard, "than the way he treated me. And the day before that I was at Cashel, and had a long talk with the archbishop. He 's a splendid old gentleman, too. Not the least sign of airs or nonsense about him."

Mother Agnes rose.

"I 'm deloighted to learn that our higher clergy prodhuce so favorable an imprission upon you," she said, gravely; "but if you 'll excuse us, sir, this is a house of mourning, and our hearts are heavy wid grief, and we 'll not be in precisely the mood—"

Bernard spoke in an altered tone:

"Oh! I beg a thousand pardons! Mourning, did you say? May I ask—"

Mrs. Fergus answered his unspoken question.

"Are ye not knowing it, thin? 'T is me husband, Cormac O'Daly. Sure he 's murdhered, an' his body's nowhere to be found, an' the poliss are scourin' all the counthry roundabout, an' there 's a long account of 't in the *Freeman* sint from Bantry, an' more poliss have been dhrafted into Muirisc, an' they 've arristed Jerry Higgins and that long-shanked, shiverin' *omadhaun* of a cousin of his. 'T is known they had a tillgram warnin' thim not to be afraid—"

"Oh, by George! Well, this *is* rich!"

The young man's spontaneous exclamations brought the breathless narrative of Mrs. Fergus to an abrupt stop. The women gazed at him in stupefaction. His rosy and juvenile face had, at her first words, worn a wondering and puzzled expression. Gradually, as she went on, a light of comprehension had dawned in his eyes. Then he had broken in upon her catalogue of woes with a broad grin on his face.

"Igad, this *is* rich!" he repeated. He put his hands in his pockets, withdrew them, and then took a few steps up and down the room, chuckling deeply to himself.

The power of speech came first to Mother Agnes.

"If 't is to insult our griefs ye 've come, young sir," she began; "if that 's your m'aning—"

"Bless your heart, madam!" Bernard protested. "I 'd be the last man in the world to dream of such a thing. I 've too much respect. I 've an aunt who is a religious, myself. No, what I mean is it 's all a joke—that is, a mistake. O'Daly isn't dead at all."

"What 's that ye 're sayin'?" put in Mrs. Fergus, sharply. "Me man is aloive, ye say?"

"Why, of course"—the youngster went off into a fresh fit of chuckling—"of course, he is—alive and kicking. Yes, especially kicking!"

"The Lord's mercy on us!" said the mother superior. "And where would Cormac be, thin!"

"Well, that 's another matter. I don't know that I can tell you just now; but, take my word for it, he 's as alive as I am, and he 's perfectly safe, too."

The astonished pause which followed was broken by the mumbling monologue of poor half-palsied Sister Blanaid:

"I putt the box in her hands, an' I says, says I: 'Away wid ye, now, an' t'row it into the say!' An' thin she wint."

The other women exchanged startled glances. In their excitement they had forgotten about Kate.

Before they could speak, Bernard, with a mystified glance at the spluttering old lady, had taken up the subject of their frightened thoughts.

"But what I came for," he said, looking from one to the other, "what I was specially in a stew about, was to get here before—before Miss Kate had taken her vows. The ceremony was set down for to-day, as I understand. Perhaps I 'm wrong; but that 's why I asked if I was in time."

"Ye *are* in time," answered Mother Agnes, solemnly.

Her sepulchral tone jarred upon the young man's ear. Looking into the speaker's pallid, vail-framed face, he was troubled vaguely by a strange, almost sinister significance in her glance.

"Ye 're in fine time," the mother superior repeated, and bowed her head.

"Man alive!" Mrs. Fergus exclaimed, rising and leaning toward him. "Ye 've no sinse of what ye 're saying. Me daughter 's gone, too!"

"'Gone!' How gone? What do you mean?"

Bernard gazed in blank astonishment into the vacuous face of Mrs. Fergus. Mechanically he strode toward her and took her hand firmly in his.

"Where has she gone to?" he demanded, as his scattered wits came under control again. "Do you mean that she 's run away? Can't you speak?"

Mrs. Fergus, thus stoutly adjured, began to whimper:

"They sint her from here—'t was always harsh they were wid her—ye heard Sister Blanaid yersilf say they sint her—an' out she wint to walk under the cliffs—some b'ys of Peggy Clancy saw her go—an' she niver came back through the long night—an' me wid no wink o' sleep—an' me nerves that bad!"

Overcome by her emotions, Mrs. Fergus, her hand still in Bernard's grasp, bent forward till her crimps rested on the young man's shoulder. She moved her forehead gingerly about till it seemed certain that the ornaments were sustaining no injury. Then she gave her maternal feelings full sway and sobbed with fervor against the coat of the young man from Houghton County.

"Don't cry, Mrs. O'Daly," was all Bernard could think of to say.

The demonstration might perhaps have impressed him had he not perforce looked over the weeping lady's head straight into the face of the mother superior. There he saw written such contemptuous incredulity that he himself became conscious of skepticism.

"*Don't* take on so!" he urged, this time less gently, and strove to disengage himself.

But Mrs. Fergus clung to his hand and resolutely buried her face against his collar. Sister Ellen had risen to her feet beside Mother Agnes, and he heard the two nuns sniff indignantly. Then he realized that the situation was ridiculous.

"What is it you suspect?" he asked of the mother superior, eager to make a diversion of some kind. "You can't be imagining that harm 's come to Miss Kate—that she 's—drowned?"

"That same *was* our belafe," said Mother Agnes, glaring icily upon him and his sobbing burden.

The inference clearly was that the spectacle before her affronted eyes had been enough to overturn all previous convictions, of whatever character.

Bernard hesitated no longer. He almost wrenched his hand free and then firmly pushed Mrs. Fergus away.

"It 's all nonsense," he said, assuming a confidence he did not wholly feel. "She 's no more drowned than I am."

"Faith, I had me fears for *you*, wid such a mort of tears let loose upon ye," remarked Mother Agnes, dryly.

The young man looked straight into the reverend countenance of the superior and confided to it an audacious wink.

"I 'll be back in no time," he said, taking up his hat. "Now don't you fret another bit. She 's all right. I know it. And I 'll go and find her." And with that he was gone.

An ominous silence pervaded the reception hall. The two nuns, still standing, stared with wrathful severity at Mrs. Fergus. She bore their gaze with but an indifferent show of composure, patting her disordered crimps with an awkward hand, and then moving aimlessly across the room.

"I 'll be going now, I 'm thinking," she said, at last, yet lingered in spite of her words.

The nuns looked slowly at one another, and uttered not a word.

"Well, thin, 't is small comfort I have, annyway, or consolation either, from the lot of yez," Mrs. Fergus felt impelled to remark, drawing her shawl up on her head and walking toward the door. "An' me wid me throubles, an' me nerves—"

"Is it consolation ye 're afther?" retorted Mother Agnes, bitterly. "I 've not the proper kind of shoulder on me for *your* variety of consolation."

"Thrue ye have it, Agnes O'Mahony." Mrs. Fergus came back, with her hand on the latch. "An' by the same token, thim shoulders were small consolation to you

Continued on page 11.

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CONTENTS:

PAGE
THE SIBERIAN EXILES. (1st installment.) Illustrated. *Col. Thomas W. Knox.* 3
NEVA'S THREE LOVERS. (7th installment.) Illustrated. *Mrs. Harriet Lewis.* 5
THE RETURN OF THE O'MAHONY. (10th installment.) *Harold Frederic.* 8
EDITORIALS, ETC. 10
ORIGIN OF OUR NATIONAL ENSIGN. *D. D. Bidwell.* 10
CYNTHIA WAKEHAM'S MONEY. (13th installment.) *Anna Katharine Green.* 11
EXTRAORDINARY BRAVERY OF A CHILD. *Gen. Henry Capehart.* 12
ARNOLD IN THE REVOLUTION: A POEM. Illustrated. *George Vandalear.* 12
FROM THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS. *Helen Marshall North.* 13
CORRESPONDENCE, SCIENCE, ETC. 13
WOMAN'S WORLD. 14
FASHION CORNER. 14
UNDER WHICH FLAG? Illustrated. *W. C. Kitchin.* 15

GETTYSBURG IN 1892.

The scene of the great battle which rolled back the invading army of General LEE, presents at this day, July 4, 1892, a smiling contrast to the scene on the same field twenty-nine years ago. Then the hill-sides and the wheat-fields were covered with the terrible results of a conflict in which one hundred and seventy-five thousand men had been engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict, armed with the most approved death-dealing instruments of war which modern science and ingenuity had devised. For three days the conflict had raged, scarcely interrupted by the shadows of night. The people of Gettysburg had hidden themselves in the cellars of their houses, and crowds of horses and men had fled through the streets, which were the scene of rout and carnage. The battles of the first two days were adverse to the Union arms, and the advance posts of General MEADE had retired behind Gettysburg, resting on Cemetery Hill and extending as far as Round Top Mountain. The tremendous battle of July 3rd was fought by General MEADE on the defensive, General LEE taking the offensive and throwing the whole weight of the flower of his army on the center of the Union line, hoping to break the Union army in two and then destroy it in detail. The repulse of PICKETT'S tremendous charge at the Stone Wall where General ARMISTEAD and Lieutenant CUSHING were killed signalized the failure of General LEE'S plans and the defeat and destruction of one of the choicest divisions of his army.

In the night of the 3rd of July, General LEE gathered up his remaining forces and commenced his hasty retreat to the Virginia shore. The sun of the 4th of July, 1863, rose upon the battle-field covered with dead and dying. Six days after the first battle the dead were still unburied and lay upon the field where they fell. Many of them had been stripped of their clothing, and their wounded bodies presented a ghastly spectacle. The smoke of the artillery-fire hung in a dark cloud over the scene. A great sacrifice had been made. Brave men had offered up their lives for the safety of their country. The first and last invasion of the North had passed into history, and henceforth the war for the Union was to be fought out on the other side of the Potomac.

After nearly thirty years, a visit to that historic battle-field reveals another picture, and one which appeals to the gratitude and patriotism of every American. Every foot of ground covered in that mighty conflict is marked off, and the scene of every incident of the battle and of the part taken in it by regiments, brigades and corps of the Union army marked by appropriate monuments. In walking over a space of twenty-five square miles, these monuments meet you at every turn; and with their sculptured inscriptions furnish a complete history of the great conflict. If no other record existed but the bronze, marble and granite memorials already erected, they would carry down to the remotest posterity a correct historical record of the great scene here enacted.

The sun of July 4, 1892, shines upon a scene of singular beauty and interest. The cultivated fields, the beautifully variegated landscape, the wooded hills, seem to smile in the eye of the sun. A few trees with bullet-marks, a few earthworks almost leveled, a house and barn here and there, riddled with bullets, are all that remain of the devastation of the day of battle. Nature has covered all and obliterated every trace of violence. Only the beautiful monuments, which a grateful people have raised to perpetuate the memory of the brave men who fought and died on this field, present visible memorials of the past.

Gettysburg has become a Mecca for patriotic Americans, and it is gratifying that the means of visiting it are being extended and increased by the great railroad systems of Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia & Reading have just opened a new line by way of Harrisburg and Carlisle, by which it can be visited from New York with the greatest comfort and convenience. The people of Gettysburg are most hospitable, and it is pleasant to recall that visitors do not seem to be regarded there as lambs to be shorn or pigeons to be plucked. Every means is afforded for seeing the monuments; and under the intelligent guidance of the local guide and historian, Mr. MINNICH, a thorough knowledge of the battle may be obtained in a few hours.

◆

OUR NATION THE OLDEST.

Americans are too often reminded by older nations that they are a *young* nation, and, therefore, inexperienced and more liable to crude blundering than the ancient dynasties of Europe. Young we are, with youthful vigor and irrepressible vitality. If such were the meaning our critics intended, facts in our history would abundantly support them.

But in a very real and unobserved sense are we the *oldest* nation in the world today, and the Stars and Stripes is the forerunner of all those popular forms of government now extant.

When the silken folds of our flag first floated to the breeze and were baptized in blood and consecrated with imperishable honor, what did they signify? That the hitherto stifled voice of the people demanded to be heard, respected and obeyed.

That that voice proclaimed doctrines of human right and freedom hitherto a Utopian dream, which those solitary ones who dreamt it had scarcely dared to utter.

And, further, the assertions it proclaimed it did maintain against a mighty foe, which was destined to defeat.

To-day the recorder of these events looks back with awed wonder, to see the struggle our fathers commenced spread and grow, until it had reached the toppling thrones of these very nations which criticise us and which owe their germinal liberties to the Proclamation of Independence and the War of the Revolution. Our banner is still in the vanguard; the government so auspiciously begun has not perished from the earth. Rather does it increase in power with succeeding years.

LOUIS XIV. said: "The state! I am the state!" GEORGE III. held his right as a mere man to trample upon millions, who, like dumb cattle, were helpless, even to protest. But the old order changed, and has given place to the new. The people, *en masse*, form the nation. Who first asserted their claim and gave it its hereditary right? America. Therefore is she the oldest *nation*. There are older autocracies. She does not wish to share in their prestige. Let them keep it all. For to her belongs the first primeval right of true democracy. As HENRY WARD BEECHER told his English audience, at Birmingham: "We have nothing to learn from you in the way of government."

◆

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

"All I am I owe to my mother."

So said the most typical American of Americans, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Only recently has Mr. LINCOLN'S genealogy been definitely ascertained. On his father's side he came from the Puritan stock. His mother belonged to a family of Quakers. From URIAH HANKS was descended NANCY, the mother of the illustrious, God-given martyr-President.

She was a winsome Virginian maiden, tall, dark, dignified, with few equals in her day for grace of manner and intellectual attainments. Her reverent, devout nature was given her by generations of pious ancestors, men who believed in God, feared Him and nobody else.

She went with her brave husband out on the frontiers of Western life, leaving behind the sunny South. Few books were to be had, except her constant volume, the Bible, and her noble conduct accords with its precepts. She longed for a larger life, but patiently endured her lot. Yet do not wonder that the almond-shaped eyes looked sadly into the past, and a shadow often threw itself across her benign face as she reflected upon a cheerless present and a dismal future.

Her home was a log-cabin of one room only. No door had been hung. The skin of a deer stretched across the opening—a poor protection for the winter's blast. The stars could be seen, as she lay on her rude bed of straw. In this shelter ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born, on February 12, 1809; and when he was ten years old, he was left motherless.

In after years, he speaks of her, this great woman, so brief a space given to him, and given amid such fearful odds, such poverty, such hardship. The verdict he gave is: "*All I am I owe to my mother.*"

Oh, men of America, what a testimony from our greatest modern American! Aye, the greatest of all our heroes! And how many more could re-echo his words, if called upon for testimony! And you, the mothers of our great ones and of all the "leal"-hearted and brave, such a message as this to you is a thrill of joy.

She it was who, in ten short years of his infant life, so molded his character, purified his ambitions, made his aims—and him all he was to us and the race, that, in his after days and amid all his checkered life, she still remained his guiding angel, the star of his proud, glorious destiny, until the assassin's bullet set him free to rejoin the mother to whom he owed so much.

◆

WILLIAM WINTER'S WORKS.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co, New York, are publishing in small, neat pocket-volumes, price seventy-five cents each, the works of WILLIAM WINTER, the well-known writer upon the stage, whose theatrical criticism has been an interesting feature of the New York *Tribune* for upward of twenty years. The works already published are "Shakespeare's England," "Gray Days and Gold," "Wanderers, A Collection of Poems" and "Shadows of the Stage." Mr. WINTER'S sympathy with the historical and literary associations of England, grounded upon a thorough knowledge and appreciation of all that is best in its literature, renders his work upon SHAKESPEARE'S country one of the most charming and satisfying volumes in the whole range of books of travel. Mr. WINTER'S tender feeling and true sentiment, which pulsate like a beating heart in the body of his rich and picturesque prose, awake in every reader the love of beauty and the charm of old associations and the reverence for the great memories of our mother-land, which are so apt to be forgotten and slighted in the rivalries and jealousies of trade and politics.

Mr. WINTER'S poetry has always enjoyed the keen appreciation of a select circle of cultivated readers. Like THOMAS GRAY, MATTHEW ARNOLD and the finest English lyric poets of our century, he writes in a vein of melancholy, with great refinement of feeling and exquisite choice of language. Many of his poems are addressed to friends and are the product of memorial occasions, and other poems are the utterance of pure sentiment, inspired by nature and the joy of living. Mr. WINTER has true lyrical genius of antique flavor and classic purity of expression. It is a pleasure to find such works produced in our day and country so entirely worthy of admiration.

ORIGIN OF OUR NATIONAL ENSIGN.

BY D. D. BIDWELL.

Up to the June of 1777, the troops of the various American colonies which had declared their independence of the mother country had fought under any ensign which chanced to please their fancy. Most of the New York forces had fought under a flag in which the stripes and the orange, white and red of the old Dutch republic were prominent; the Connecticut soldiers had displayed a red flag with the inscription, "An Appeal to Heaven," on one side, and the Latin motto of the colony, "*Qui transulit sustinet,*"* on the other; the South Carolina men at one period used a palmetto banner, and other colonial forces had flown flags which had special and local significance.

Commodore Hopkins had put to sea in February, 1776, with the first Revolutionary fleet, displaying a flag of thirteen alternate red and white stripes, with the red and white crosses of Saint George and Saint Andrew charged on a blue "canton" or square in the upper corner. This flag was used more than any other one at the time, June, 1777, when the Continental Congress, in session at Philadelphia, appointed a committee to construct a common flag for the colonies.

On June 14, this committee made its report. It advised that "the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The report was thereupon put into the form of a resolution, and the resolution was unanimously passed, without discussion.

It is interesting to study the details of the construction of our flag and to learn the various explanations that have been given for them, in the absence of authoritative records. Let us so study them:

The Stripes.—Why were stripes chosen to compose the main body of the flag? One explanation which has frequently been offered is the fact that stripes—and stars, also—were a prominent feature of Washington's coat of arms; but as good Americans we fancy that that circumstance had little weight with the committee of the sternly democratic Continental Congress of 1777. Another, and probably the correct one, is the fact that the New-York soldiers were fighting under the folds of a banner consisting of the stripes of another republic, the most conspicuous republic of modern times, viz: the United Provinces of the Netherlands, commonly known as "the Dutch republic." Choice of stripes was, accordingly, a tribute to a sister republic, and it was also a compliment to the important New-York contingent in the colonial army—a contingent then suffering from discouragement, as New York City was occupied by Howe, and Burgoyne was marching down from the north. Thirteen stripes were fixed upon as the correct number on account of the number of the colonies.

The Stars.—Those who explained the selection of stripes by the presence of stripes in the Washington coat of arms explain the selection of stars by the fact that stars are prominent in that coat of arms. But this explanation is usually rejected. A more generally accepted one is to the effect that the adoption of one large star in the canton, or union, was urged as symbolic of the shining in history of the new republic, then surrounded by the night of affliction and doubt; and that thirteen stars were ultimately chosen as indicative of the thirteen colonies. In the canton of the flag, as used for many years, the stars were arranged in the form of a circle in order to typify the endless character of the republic.

The Colors.—Red, white and blue are a modification of orange, white and blue, the colors of the Dutch republic, and the ones used by New York's forces. They were chosen by the flag committee for the same reason that stripes were decided upon. Red was later explained to be typical of the blood patriots were ready to shed; white, of the purity of their cause, and blue of the favor of Heaven.

Contrasting colors, white and either blue or red, were necessary to be utilized for the colors of the stripes. Red was preferred to blue because it was more distinct at a distance. For this same reason, red, instead of white, was chosen as the color of the topmost stripe, and consequently of the lowermost, also. Red and white having thus been already used, the color assigned the union was necessarily blue, and the stars in the union were appropriately made white. The union was made square and was brought down to the eighth stripe that its blue might be showed against white (a contrasting color), the color of that stripe.

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* "He who has transplanted us will sustain us."

THE RETURN OF THE O'MAHONY.

Continued from page 9.

yourself, till ye got your nun's vail to hide 'em!"

When she had flounced her way out, the mother superior remained standing, her gaze bent upon the floor.

"Sister Ellen," she said, at last, "me powers do be failing me. 'T is time I laid down me burden. For the first time in me life I was unayqual to her impiddence."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RESIDENT MAGISTRATE.

When Bernard O'Mahony found himself outside the convent gateway, he paused to consider matters.

The warm spring sunlight so broadly enveloped the square in which he stood, the shining white cottages and gray old walls behind him and the harbor and pale-blue placid bay beyond, in its grateful radiance, that it was not in nature to think gloomy thoughts. And nothing in the young man's own nature tended that way, either.

Yet as he stopped short, looked about him, and even took off his hat to the better ponder the situation, he saw that it was even more complicated than he had thought. His plan of campaign had rested upon two bold strategic actions. He had deemed them extremely smart, at the time of their invention. Both had been put into execution, and, lo, the state of affairs was worse than ever!

The problem had been to thwart and overturn O'Daly and to prevent Kate from entering the convent. These two objects were so intimately connected and dependent one upon the other, that it had been impossible to separate them in procedure. He had caused O'Daly to be immured in secrecy in the underground cell, the while he went off to secure episcopal interference in the convent's plans. His journey had been crowned with entire success. It had involved a trip to Cashel, it is true, but he had obtained an order forbidding the ladies of the Hostage's Tears to add to their numbers. Returning in triumph with this invincible weapon, he discovered now that O'Daly's disappearance had been placarded all over Ireland as a murder, that his two allies were in custody as suspected assassins, and that—most puzzling and disturbing feature of it all—Kate herself had vanished.

He did not attach a moment's credence to the drowning theory. Daughters of the Coast of White Foam did not get drowned. Nor was it likely that other harm had befallen a girl so capable, so self-reliant, so thoroughly at home in all the districts roundabout. Obviously she was in hiding somewhere in the neighborhood. The question was where to look for her. Or, would it be better to take up the other branch of the problem first?

His perplexed gaze, roaming vaguely over the broad space, was all at once arrested by a gleam of flashing light in motion. Concentrating his attention, he saw that it came from the polished barrel of a rifle borne on the arm of a constable at the corner of the square. He put on his hat and walked briskly over to this corner. The constable had gone, and Bernard followed him up the narrow, winding little street to the barracks.

As he walked, he noted knots of villagers clustered about the cottage doors, evidently discussing some topic of popular concern. In the roadway before the barracks were drawn up two outside cars. A policeman in uniform occupied the driver's seat on each, and a half-dozen others lounged about in the sunshine by the gate-posts, their rifles slung over their backs and their round, visorless caps cocked aggressively over their ears. These gentry bent upon him a general scowl as he walked past them and into the barracks.

A dapper, dark-faced, exquisitely dressed young gentleman, wearing slate-tinted gloves and with a flower in his button-hole, stood in the hall-way—two burly constables assisting him meanwhile to get into a light, silk-lined top-coat.

"Come, you fool! Hold the sleeve lower down, can't you!" this young gentleman cried, testily, as Bernard entered. The two constables divided the epithet between them humbly, and perfected their task.

"I want to see the officer in charge here," said Bernard, prepared by this for discourtesy.

The young gentleman glanced him over, and on the instant altered his demeanor.

"I am Major Snaffle, the resident magistrate," he said, with great politeness. "I 've only a minute to spare—I 'm driving over to Bantry with some prisoners—but if you 'll come this way—" and without further words, he led the other into a room off the hall, the door of which the two constables rushed to obsequiously open.

"I dare say those are the prisoners I have come to talk about," remarked Bernard, when the door had closed behind them. He noted that this was the first comfortably furnished room he had seen in Ireland, as he took the seat indicated by the major's gesture.

Major Snaffle lifted his brows slightly at this, and fastened his bright brown eyes in a keen, searching glance upon Bernard's face.

"Hm-m!" he said. "You are an American, I perceive."

"Yes—my name 's O'Mahony. I come from Michigan."

At sound of this Milesian cognomen, the glance of the stipendiary grew keener still, if possible, and the corners of his carefully trimmed little moustache were drawn sharply down. There was less politeness in the manner and tone of his next inquiry.

"Well—what is your business? What do you want to say about them?"

"First of all," said Bernard, "let 's be sure we 're talking about the same people. You 've got two men under arrest here—Jerry Higgins of this place, and a cousin of his from—from Boston, I think it is."

The major nodded, and kept his sharp gaze on the other's countenance unabated.

"What of that?" he asked, now almost brusquely.

"Well, I only drove in this morning—I 'm in the mining business, myself—but I understand they 've been arrested for the m—that is, on account of the disappearance of old Mr. O'Daly."

The resident magistrate did not assent by so much as a word. "Well? What 's that to you?" he queried, coldly.

"It 's this much to me," Bernard retorted, not with entire good-temper, "that O'Daly isn't dead at all."

Major Snaffle's eyebrows went up still further, with a little jerk. He hesitated for a moment, then said: "I hope you know the importance of what you are saying. We don't like to be fooled with."

"The fooling has been done by those who started the story that he was murdered," remarked Bernard.

"One must always be prepared for that—at some stage of a case—among these Irish," said the resident magistrate. "I 've only been in Ireland two years, but I know their lying tricks as well as if I 'd been born among them. Service in India helps one to understand all the inferior races."

"I haven't been here even two months," said the young man from Houghton County, "but so far as I can figure it out, the Irishmen who do the bulk of the lying wear uniforms and monkey-caps like paper-collar boxes perched over one ear. The police, I mean."

"We won't discuss *that*," put in the major, peremptorily. "Do you know where O'Daly is?"

"Yes, sir, I do," answered Bernard.

"Where?"

"You wouldn't know if I told you, but I 'll take you to the place—that is, if you 'll let me talk to your prisoners first."

Major Snaffle turned the proposition over in his mind. "Take me to the place," he commented at last; "that means that you 've got him hidden somewhere, I assume."

Bernard looked into the shrewd, twinkling eyes with a new respect. "That 's about the size of it," he assented.

"Hm-m! Yes. That makes a new offense of it, with *you* as an accessory, I take it—or ought I to say principal?"

Bernard was not at all dismayed by this shift in the situation.

"Call it what you like," he answered. "See here, major," he went on, in a burst of confidence, "this whole thing 's got nothing to do with politics or the potato crop or anything else that need concern you. It 's purely a private family matter. In a day or two, it 'll be in such shape that I can tell you all about it. For that matter, I could now, only it 's such a deuce of a long story."

The major thought again.

"All right," he said. "You can see the prisoners in my presence, and then I 'll give you a chance to produce O'Daly. I ought to warn you, though, that it may be all used against you, later on."

"I 'm not afraid of that," replied Bernard.

A minute later, he was following the resident magistrate up a winding flight of narrow stone stairs, none too clean. A constable, with a bunch of keys jingling in his hand, preceded them, and, at the top, threw open a heavy, iron-cased door. The solitary window of the room they entered had been so blocked with thick bars of metal that very little light came through. Bernard, with some difficulty, made out two figures lying in one corner on a heap of straw and old cast-off clothing.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 26.]

CYNTHIA WAKEHAM'S MONEY.*

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "The Forsaken Inn," "A Matter of Millions," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

WHEN Edgar closed the front door behind him, he did it softly, but it was heard for all that by ears that were listening for it in the remote recesses of the kitchen.

"The gentlemen are gone," cried Doris to herself; "they could not move Miss Hermione, and I did not think they could. Nothing can move her but fire, and fire there shall be, and that to-night."

Stealing toward the front of the house she listened. All was quiet. "They are in the parlor," she thought, and glided back to a certain closet under the stairs into which she peered with a satisfied air.

"Plenty of stuff there," she commented, and shivered just a little as she thought of putting a candle to the combustible pile before her. Shutting the door, she crept to another spot where lay a huge pile of shavings, and again she nodded with satisfaction at the sight. Finally she went into the shed, and when she came back, she walked like one who sees her way perfectly clear.

"I promised Mr. Huckins I would not start the blaze till after midnight," she said, almost audibly, as she passed again toward the front. "He was so afraid if the fire got started early that the neighbors would put it out before any harm was done. But I haven't the nerve to do such a thing with the young ladies above. They might not get down, or I might not have the power to wake them. No, I will fire it now, while they are in the parlor and trust to its going like tinder as it will. Won't the young gentlemen thank me, and won't the young ladies too, when they get over the shock of being suddenly thrown upon the world."

Chuckling softly to herself, she looked upstairs, and finally ran quietly up. With a woman's thoughtfulness she remembered certain articles which she felt were precious to the young ladies. To gather these together would not take long, and it would ease her conscience. Going first to Hermione's room, she threw such objects as she considered valuable into a sheet and tied them up. Then she threw the bundle thus made out of one of the side-windows. Running to Emma's room, she did the same; and letting her own things go, hastened down-stairs and went again into the kitchen. When she came out again, it was with a lighted candle in her hand.

Meantime, from the poplar-walk, two eyes were gazing with restless eagerness upon the house. They belonged to Huckins, who, unknown to Etheridge, unknown to Doris, unknown to any one, in fact, to whom it was any matter of concern, had returned to Marston to watch the development of his deadly game. He had stolen into the garden, and was watching the place, not so much from any expectation of fire at this hour as because his whole interest was centered in the house, and he could not keep his eyes from it.

But suddenly, as he looks, he detects something amiss; and, starting forward, with many muttered exclamations, he draws nearer and nearer to the house, which he presently enters by means of the key he draws from his pocket. As he does so, a faint smell of smoke comes to his nostrils, causing him to say:

"She is three hours too soon. What does she mean by it?"

The door by which he had come in was at the end of a side-hall. He found the house dark, but he was so accustomed to it by this time that he felt no hesitation as to his steps. He went at first to the sitting-room and looked in; there was no one there. Then to the parlor, which was also empty. "Good!" he thought. "They are upstairs;" and he slid, with his quiet step, to the staircase, up which he went like the ghost, or specter, he had, perhaps, played the part of on the night before. There was a door at the top of the first landing, and he had some thoughts of simply locking this and escaping. But he said to himself it would be much more satisfactory to first make sure that they were above; so he crept up further, and finally came to Hermione's room. The door was shut, but from the light which shone through the keyhole—a light which Doris had left there, in her haste and trepidation—he judged Hermione to be within; so he softly turned the key that was in the lock and glided away to Emma's room. This was also closed, and there was a light there, also, from the same cause; so, there being no key visible, he drew a heavy piece of furniture across the doorway and fled back to the stairs. As he reached them, a blinding gust of smoke rose all round him; but he saw his way, he thought, and rushed for the landing. But, just as he reached it, the door—the door he had thought of closing himself—shut sharply in his face, and he found himself imprisoned. With a shriek, he dashed against it, but it was locked; and just as he staggered upright again from his violent efforts to batter it down, a red-hot flame shot up through a gap in the staircase and played about his feet. He yelled, and dashed up the stairs. If he were to suffer for his own crime, he would at least have companions in his agony. Calling upon Emma and Hermione, he rushed to the piece of furniture with which he had barred the former's apartment, and frantically drew it aside. The door remained shut; there was no agonized one within to force it open the moment the pressure against it was relieved. Stupefied, he staggered away, and ran up the twisted staircase to Hermione's room. Perhaps they were here? Perhaps they were both here? But all was silent within, and when he had entered and looked, even behind the curtains of the bed, for its expected occupant and found no one, he uttered such a cry as that house had never listened to, not even when its master's yell of rage and despairing death-cry had shook it.

Doris meanwhile was suffering her own punishment below. When she had lighted the three several piles she had prepared, she fled into the front of the house to spread the alarm and insure the safety of her young mistresses. Passing the staircase, she had one quick thought of the likelihood there might be of Hermione or Emma dashing up those stairs in an endeavor to save some of their effects, so she quietly locked the door above in order to prevent them. But when she had done this, she heard a shriek, and startled, she was about to unlock it again, when a vivid flame shot up between her and the door, making any such attempt impossible. Aghast with terror, fearing that by some error of calculation she had shut her young ladies upstairs after all, she went shrieking their names through the rooms and halls now filling with smoke and lurid with shooting jets of flame. As no response came and she could find no one, her terror grew to frenzy, and she would have flown up through the flames. But it was too late; the stairs had fallen, and the place was one volcano.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DAYSPRING OF HOPE.

Had Hermione been left time to think, she might have drawn back from such a sudden marriage. But Frank, who recognized this possibility, urged her with gentle speed down the street, and never ceased his persuasions till they stood at the minister's door. Mrs. Langley, who had a heart for romance, opened it, and, seeing the blushing face and disheveled appearance of Hermione, she cast one comprehending look at Frank and drew them joyfully in.

"You are to be married, are you not?" she asked, welcoming the whole four with the gayest of bows. "I congratulate you, dear, and will take you right away to my best room, where you will find your box and everything else you may need. I am so glad you decided to come here, instead of having us go to you. It is *so* pleasant and so friendly, and the doctor does so dread to go out evenings now."

Small chatter is ofttimes our salvation. Under this, Hermione lost the tragic feelings of months and seemed to awake to the genialities of life. Turning her grand head toward the smiling little woman, she let her own happiness shine from the corners of her mouth, and then, following her lead, allowed herself to be taken to a cosy chintz-furnished room, whose homelike aspect struck warm upon her heart and completed the work of her rejuvenation.

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Emma, who was close behind her, laughed merrily.

"Such a chrysalis of a bride!" cried she. "Where are the wings with which to turn her into a butterfly?"

Mrs. Langley showed her the box and then left them. Emma, lifting the lid, glanced shyly at Hermione, who blushed scarlet. Such a lovely array of satin lace and flowers! To these girls, who had denied themselves everything and been denied everything, it was a glimpse of Paradise. As one beautiful garment after another was taken out, Hermione's head drooped lower in her delight and the love it inspired, till at last the tears came and she wept for a few minutes unconstrainedly. When this mood had passed, she gave herself up to Emma's eager fingers and was dressed in her bridal garments.

The clock was striking ten, when Frank's impatience was rewarded by the first glimpse of his bride. She came into the room with Emma and Mrs. Langley, and her beauty, heightened by her feelings to the utmost, was such as to fill him with triumph and delight. To Edgar it was a revelation, for always before he had seen the scar before he did her; but now he was compelled to see her, for the scar was hidden under fold upon fold of lace.

"No wonder Frank is daft," thought he, "if she always looks like this to him."

As for Frank, he bowed with all his soul to the radiant vision, and then leading her up to Mr. Langley awaited for the sacred words which were to make them one. As they were being uttered strange noises broke out in the street and the cry of "Fire! Fire!" rang out. But if they heard they did not show it, and the ceremony proceeded. It was soon over, and Frank turned to kiss his wife; but just as Emma advanced to do the same the front door burst open and a neighbor's voice was heard to excitedly cry:

"The Cavanagh house is burning, and there are fears the girls have perished in the flames!"

It was Emma who shrieked. Hermione seemed frozen. Edgar, dashing to the door, looked out, and came slowly back.

"Yes, it is burning," said he. "Emma will have to go with you to New York."

"It is a judgment!" moaned Hermione, clinging to Frank, who, perhaps, felt a touch of superstitious awe himself. "It is a judgment upon me for forgetting, for being happy, for accepting a deliverance I should not have embraced."

But at this Frank regained his poise.

"No," said he; "it is your deliverance made complete. Without it you might have had compunctions and ideas of returning to a place to which you felt yourself condemned. Now you never can. It is a merciful providence."

"Let us go to see it," she whispered. "If it is a funeral pyre of the past, let us see the dying embers. Perhaps my fears will vanish with them."

He did not refuse her. So Emma relieved her of her vail and threw about her a long cloak, and together they went out into the street.

The town was in a tumult, but they saw nothing but that flaming skeleton of a home, with the gaunt outlines of the poplars shining vividly in the scarlet glow. As they drew near, the front of the house fell in, and Hermione, with a shriek, pointed to the corner where the laboratory had been.

"My father! My father!" she cried. "See! See! He is there! He is denouncing me! It *is* a judgment! It is—"

Her words trailed off in choking horror. They all looked, and they all saw the figure of an old man writhing against a background of flame. Was it a specter? Was it the restless ghost of the old professor showing itself for the last time in the place of his greatest sin and suffering? Even Edgar was silent, Frank refused to say; while the girls, sinking upon their knees with inarticulate moans and prayers, seemed to beg for mercy and cry against this retribution: when suddenly Hermione felt herself clasped in two arms, and a voice exclaimed in the husky accents of great joy:

"You are here! You are here! You are not burned! Oh, my dear young mistresses—my dear, dear young mistresses!"

Hermione, pushing the weeping Doris back, pointed again toward the toppling structure, and cried:

"Do you see who is there? My father, Doris, my father! See how he beckons and waves, see—"

Doris, startled, gave a cry in her turn.

"It is Mr. Huckins!" she shrieked. "Mr. Huckins! Oh, save—"

But the words were lost. A crash, a fresh bursting of flame, then a collapse which buried everything. The scene of woe was gone, and the dayspring of hope had risen for the two girls.

THE END.

EXTRAORDINARY BRAVERY OF A CHILD.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR TIMES.

BY GEN. HENRY CAPEHART.

It was in the December after the Gettysburg and Mine Run campaigns. I was about being transferred from the surgical branch of the service to the colonelcy of the 1st West Virginia veteran cavalry, which had passed through Washington from the Army of the Potomac, and was proceeding by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Wheeling, on veteran furlough of thirty days, to recruit.

At the Relay House, Maryland, a Lieutenant-Colonel Crain (I think of an Ohio regiment), his wife and their little boy came into the officers' car, which was at the rear of the train, bound for the West, the colonel under orders to proceed to the quartermaster-general's department at Cincinnati. The men and horses of the regiment occupied box-cars in front, with pretty much the same accommodations for man and beast, though separated.

The child, an only one, was in his eighth year, fair, rosy-cheeked and exceptionally handsome, modest, but a sturdy and manly little fellow, and marvelously intelligent and attractive.

When the train arrived opposite Harper's Ferry, it was found that the bridge was obstructed by cars loaded with rock, to prevent its being swept away by the unusually high water of the Potomac, which made it necessary to leave the car and walk over the bridge to take a train waiting for us on the Virginia side, at Harper's Ferry. The track skirted the river for a considerable distance until it reached the bend where the bridge was, and ran along the edge of a stone wall, built to resist the encroachments of the stream.

It was near midnight, and as dark as it is possible to conceive, with a cold, drizzling rain. The river was at flood-tide, perhaps three hundred yards wide and forty feet deep, roaring and dashing against the wall in a seething commotion. Opposite, the mouth of the Shenandoah poured out a swollen and angry flood into the already turbulent Potomac. The outlook, what there was of it, was as dismal and uncomfortable as could well be.

Our car stood on the brink of the river, and probably within a foot of being directly above the top of the wall, the water swashing about twelve or fourteen feet below. The conductor, with his lantern, was at the front of the car. I said it was dark—pitch-dark, as we say.

The colonel, his wife and the boy were the first to pass out at the rear, one of the boy's hands in his father's and the other carrying a lunch-basket. There being no one to direct and some confusion in passing out, they took the river-side. The colonel and the child began descending, the latter still retaining his father's hand and the lunch-basket.

Closely following, I heard the colonel say: "Jump down, my son," when the little fellow made the leap, his feet just touching the wall and pitching him forward, and plunged headlong into the darkness and the raging stream.

The father, hearing the splash above the swirling of the water, cried out in heart-rending tones:

"Oh! My boy's in the river!"

And, not unnaturally, Mrs. Crain began screaming in a most agonizing manner, as if demented. The cries, I believe, I shall remember always.

My brother, Major Capehart, and I made our way past Mrs. Crain, and shouted lustily for the conductor with his lantern, who soon came rushing through the car. In the interval, we drew as near the colonel as possible. He had placed himself with his feet on the wall, and, clinging to the railing of the steps, was leaning in the darkness over the water, and calling: "Joseph! Joseph!" the child's name, but without response.

But presently, the little fellow, struggling in the water and hidden by the darkness, was heard to say, in a faint, trembling, childish voice:

"Here I am, papa."

The colonel immediately responded:

"Hold on, my son, and I'll go down to you!"

The boy answered, though faintly, and shivering with the cold of the water:

"Don't come down here, papa, or you'll never get up again."

We now had the lantern, but its light was altogether insufficient to penetrate the darkness below. The mother continued frantic, wailing: "Oh, oh, my darling, darling boy is drowned!" It was impossible for any of the other officers, all brave men, to render the least practical assistance, and they could only stand paralyzed, though profoundly interested and excited. To all appearances, to jump into the river to save the boy was but utter madness, if anybody thought of such a thing. The conductor was doing his best in drawing out the bell-rope. The time seemed an eternity.

Again the little fellow was heard, exclaiming, but faintly: "Oh, papa, I'm freezing!" How he could sustain himself in the deep, swirling water, seemed a miracle.

"Hold on, my dear, and I'll go down to you," the colonel called out again.

But the little fellow, as brave and unflinching as ever, and near perishing, again responded:

"Don't come down here, papa, or you'll never get up again."

The colonel now had in his hands a section of the bell-rope, and called to the boy: "Hold on, my little man, a moment longer, and I'll drop a rope to you;" which he did, doubling the rope and dropping the loop down.

The little lad soon called out:

"I have it, papa; pull away;" but still feebly and tremblingly.

Having thrown the rope over his head, and grasping it with his hands, he soon came walking up the almost perpendicular wall, nearly at right-angles to it as we pulled, and his father's arm was about him. Of the sudden change from deep despair to deeper joy I need not dwell.

We wrapped the little hero in a blanket and buffalo robe and carried him across the bridge to Virginia, giving him occasional doses of whisky until reaction from the cold followed. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered from the chill, he began to talk. As I was giving him a dose of whisky, he said, in his attractive, boyish way:

"Now, surgeon, I'm afraid you'll make me drunk. I was never drunk but once in my life. Then I was bitten by a snake, and they filled me with whisky to kill the poison. Another time I was cut with a large knife by an accident, and came pretty near bleeding to death before they could get the blood stopped. I have been nearly done up several times in my life, but I guess this was the nearest to it of all."

Under his grandfather's training, we gathered, he had become quite an athlete and a fine swimmer. At five years of age he could swim the Scioto River, back and forth, at a point where it was more than a hundred yards wide, with perfect ease. Although the river was more than twenty feet deep and swirling more or less rapidly where he plunged, it was something of an eddy. When he rose to the surface, he struck out, and what with swimming, "treading water" and clinging to the wall, he was able to sustain himself until the rope was thrown to him; and the walking up the wall with the aid of the rope would have been a very simple matter to him but for the effect of the intensely cold bath in his clothes and the attendant prostration.

At all events, it was certainly a magnificent instance of pluck and presence of mind, and one which has never, I fancy, been paralleled in one so young. The surprise, the extreme darkness, the freezing cold of the water and the shock to the nerves were enough to unbalance and paralyze the strongest.

The horrible nature of the suspense during the uncertainty, but which may have lasted no more than five minutes, it would be impossible to depict. Closely associated with Custer, we were often in desperate case, and my own life often in imminent peril; but I can truthfully say that I can recall no event of my long life which moved or excited me so much.

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MISTAKES FOR WHICH WE BLESS COMPOSITORS.

A New-England paper told about "a drove of hogs floating down the Connecticut River" instead of "a drive of logs."

An editor discussed the political situation in a comprehensive editorial and headed it: "Let Us Explore." He neglected to read the proof, and it appeared under the caption: "Let Us Explode."

In a lecture at Boston, Rev. Joseph Cook asked his audience: "Was Saint Paul a dupe?" In the report of the lecture, Mr. Cook was made to propound the startling conundrum: "Was Saint Paul a dude?"

It was a Boston newspaper which made its dramatic critic say: "The toast for Irving, like the toast for olives, must be cut elevated." What the critic wrote was: "The taste for Irving, like the taste for olives, must be cultivated."

Not long ago, a telegraph operator found the words "*orates fratres*" in a special dispatch about the "praying brothers." It is not definitely known whether the telegraphist or the compositor attempted to translate the words, but it is certain they appeared in a paper as: "Oh, rats, father!"

ARNOLD IN THE REVOLUTION

BY GEORGE VANDALEAR.

I.

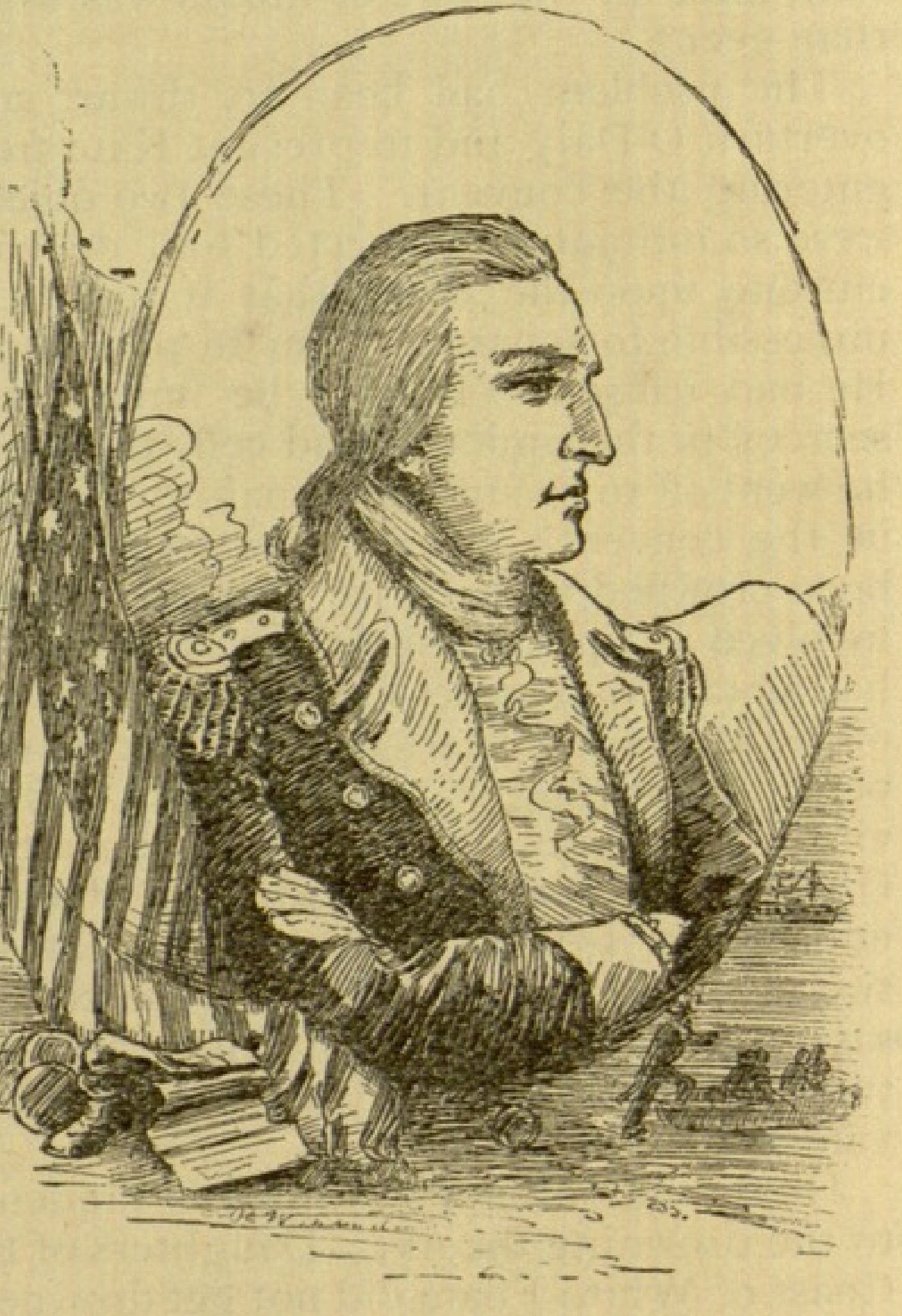
There hangs a portrait on the wall—
A Continental general—
That strangely speaks unto my heart.
He calmly stands beside his steed,
His arms are crossed upon his breast,
And in its sheath his sword doth rest;
Yet there are lines upon his face
Of mingled glory and disgrace,
And haughty pride that will not plead.
I know not why, and yet I feel
Its stern repression doth reveal
The wounds it cannot all conceal—
Deep, hidden wounds that inward bleed
And mock the surgeon's healing art.

II.

I gaze and gaze—ah! now I know,
What moved my curious fancy so;
And there, in that most speaking face,
The story of his life can trace!

III.

That hardened visage, stern and bold,
Was bronzed amid the snow and cold,
At that Gibraltar of the North,[*]
Where from the foeman's central hold,
His comrades bore him wounded forth.



IV.

That caverned lightning in his eye,
Beneath the broad brow arching high,
Ne'er flashed upon a stricken field,
But saw his country's foemen yield.

V.

Those iron lips beneath display
The rock that blocked the Briton's way,
When he to great occasion rose,
And rained upon the nation's foes,
A giant's army-scatt'ring blows:
For when that soul was greatly roused,
Like adamant those lips were closed.

VI.

Oh, thus it was when from the North,
Burgoyne's invasion, broad and strong
Like Hudson's torrent rolled along!
The news from aged Schuyler came,
And leaping like a prairie fire,
On wings of liquid-rolling flame,
From town to town, from son to sire,
Till all within th' imperiled land,
Deserting plow and grasping brand,
Like lions from their lairs rushed forth,
And met that march of victory,
As rocky shores the pounding sea!

VII.

Ah, then with foam that steed did reek,
Dilated was that giant form,
That glancing brand was flashed on high,
A flush of fire was on his cheek,
His look was like a mountain-storm,
And livid lighting was his eye!

VIII.

Oh, had he in this battle[†] died,
His daring and his valor won,
His name, to-day, would be our pride,
And stand with that of Washington!

IX.

His blood for us like rain he shed;
But, oh, with black revenge and worse,
He struck the laurel from his head—
He linked his name unto a curse!
But hath not earth enough of shame?
Then, never let us speak his name,
But think alone upon his fame,
And not upon the British purse!

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[*] Quebec.

[†] Saratoga, the decisive battle of the Revolutionary War.

FROM THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

The Thirteen Million public-school children in the United States are being asked to celebrate the discovery of America, on October 12—"Columbus Day." The superintendents of education in Michigan, Tennessee, Rhode Island and Massachusetts have been appointed an executive committee to arrange the details. The official programme will be published September 1st, and will be somewhat on this order: First, raising the flag in the morning, and the whole school saluting it with the "military salute;" a recital, in concert, of a pledge in which the scholars swear allegiance to their country and the flag, will be followed by an appropriate original song, to a popular air, sung by the school; the recitation of an original ode; and, lastly, the delivery of an original oration. The song, ode and oration are to be composed by some of the best writers in the country, and the programme can be supplemented by speeches, according to the wishes of each school. For the afternoon, the committee will recommend processions, in which the idea of the public school is made prominent.

Mrs. Kellar, the wonderful mind-reader, who has exhibited her powers in various parts of the country the past year, is said to be able to give in a moment the cube, or the third power, of a number which has not been told her and which she cannot see, even if she were not blindfolded, as she is during these tests. She will add a column of five rows of figures, with four figures in each row, and name the sum, and also will tell, without a moment's hesitation, any figure in the column that may be touched by a bystander. No satisfactory explanation of these wonderful feats has yet been given by the scientists who frequent her exhibitions.

A "Jelly Palace" is the latest and the sweetest thing promised by the ladies' management of the World's Fair. It will be erected by the ladies of California, of stained glass, and the framework will be encircled by strings of crystal. Mrs. Frona Wait, one of the California managers, has originated a plan for a State banquet, to be spread in the State building and to be made up entirely of California products. Silver, glass, porcelain, table-linen and the table as well are to be of California manufacture, and fresh fruits and food will be constantly received from across the continent, sent by the cold-storage transit.

The Difficulty with the servant question, says Prof. Lucy Salmon of Vassar, is that domestic service offers no rewards in the way of promotion, and little, if any, in the way of remuneration. A servant of ability is always on the lookout for some trade or profession in which she may better her condition. Foreign servants invariably look beyond the kitchen for employment as soon as they become Americanized, or else demand increased wages. The professor states the difficulty but says that the remedy has not yet been discovered.

Miss Ida Burnett, a strikingly handsome Minnesota girl and a graduate of the University of Minnesota, was the first to take possession of a site on the new Sisseton reservation. She staked out her claim at once, and, with the assistance of her driver, went to work to build a cabin. Miss Burnett has a suspicion of Indian blood in her veins, being a descendant of the Sioux race.

Many Ladies of high rank abroad as well as many American women of unusual mental ability have adopted the profession of nursing. Among the former are the Princess Helen Cusa, who is a nurse in the Children's Hospital at Jassy; Lady Leveson Gower in a London hospital, and Miss Godolphin Osborne, niece of the Duke of Leeds, who is Matron of the Leamington Hospital for Incurables.

Eyeless Needles, ready threaded, grow in Northern Mexico and Southern Arizona. The mescal plant furnishes long leaves with sharp-pointed, wiry ends, and when the soft part of the plant is removed, and the fiber stretched out to any desired degree of fineness and dried in the sun, the lucky Mexican or Arizonian has no trouble about threading her needles.

Five Pounds of candied violets were the stake for which a young New York man made and lost a bet with a young lady of his acquaintance. The girl knew and the young man discovered too late that candied violets, at a first-class Broadway store, cost four dollars a pound, and hereafter some other stake will be chosen when he makes a bet.

A Georgia minister was recently arraigned before a ministerial conference on the charge of wife-beating. The solemn verdict rendered expressed disapproval of the beating but affirmed that the brethren "still retain confidence in the Christian character of the accused."

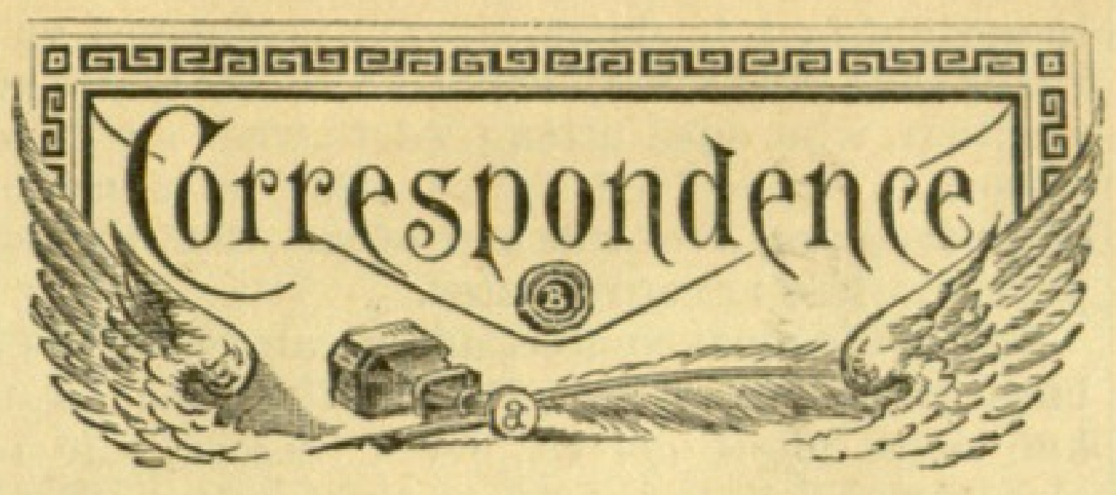
When the women of Illinois improved their recently granted permission to vote for school trustees, they found the way made very pleasant and agreeable by the courtesies of the husbands, brothers and lovers who assisted them to perform their new duty.

When Mrs. Stanton had closed her appeal for woman suffrage before the House of Representatives, a well-known critic said of her: "Mrs. Stanton is a woman of powerful intellect, and as an advocate is second to no man in the House."

A self-possessed military man met a bear, who was approaching him on hostile thoughts intent, and, having a rifle in one hand and a kodak in the other, succeeded in getting a very good picture of the animal before using his rifle.

Seven young men and one young woman, Miss Alto M. Lowman, of Maryland, recently graduated from the National Deaf Mute College, at Washington.

New York is said to have more widows than any other city in the world.



Shedding of the Skin. (Doubter.)—While medical science has records of cases where individuals have shed the entire skin, such occurrences are so rare as to excite doubt in the minds of those who are not personally acquainted with the facts. One of the few well authenticated cases on record is that of a man who, regularly as the season comes around, has attacks of tremors, then more or less fever and chills. Later, the skin peels from his body, coming off in great patches. The case of a child is mentioned, who had violent attacks of nausea, high fever and mild delirium, with swelling and discoloration of the entire body. The eyes were closed, the throat so congested and the tongue so swollen that respiration was very difficult, and no food could be taken. After nearly forty-eight hours of intense suffering, the violence of the attack subsided and the unfavorable symptoms gradually wore away. A few days later, the skin raised in what appeared to be water-blisters, but without any moisture underneath. Within a week or ten days, the entire skin peeled off, even the scalp throwing off thin, shining scales. The child's condition was accounted for by the fact that, when a mere infant, he had been bitten by a rattlesnake and was dangerously ill for a long time. The snake, which was killed, was found to be a young one, and it was supposed that the poison had not acquired sufficient strength to destroy life. The child's system was, however, so thoroughly inoculated with the virus that it partook in a measure of the nature of the snake. Each skin-shedding season corresponded exactly with that of the rattler's, and the illness which accompanied it was identical with that following the bite. Conditions and circumstances which at first glance seem improbable or impossible, may almost, without exception, be accounted for on purely scientific grounds. There are very rarely any developments in nature which could not be perfectly understood, were we but able to read and understand nature's laws and causes.

Damp Cellar. (Householder.)—An ounce of prevention is worth a good many pounds of cure. Probably the foundation walls of the house were laid in common mortar, and without due care as to the firmness and closeness of the stone. If the leaks are not too bad, a thick coating of mortar made of equal parts of best Portland cement and clean, sharp sand will be of great benefit. With this, coat the inside of all walls and the floor, making it extra thick at the base of the wall, and taking care to crowd it under the wall wherever the water has dissolved or disintegrated the mortar. One cellar which was hopelessly wet, and in which barrels and tubs would float after every heavy rain, was made absolutely water-tight by a very simple process. During a dry spell, the windows were left open to remove the moisture as far as possible, then a wall one brick thick was laid in Portland cement closely pressed against the foundation wall of the building. The base was laid with the bricks placed endwise against the wall. Eight courses of this were laid, then the bricks were laid with sides to the wall. The mortar in the foundation was chipped off to give more space for the new cement, which should be used in liberal quantity, and must make an entire and unbroken partition between the old wall and the new bricks. The floor should be covered with three or four inches deep of finely crushed stone, and over this there must be three or four inches of well made and mixed cement of Portland and sand as described. This will be expensive, but is in the long run the cheapest way out of the difficulty. If the first coat of floor cement is left rather rough and allowed to dry thoroughly, then is covered with a thin mortar of clean Portland laid on with a trowel and made perfectly smooth, the floor will have the finish of china, and can be swept or wiped off with a wet cloth, and be kept clean as easily as a painted floor.

Postal Service.—There is no good reason why postage on letters should not be reduced to one cent. It would unquestionably pay quite as well then as now, and, according to the figures of many well informed persons, much better. The only rational objection that is urged against the immediate adoption of one-cent postage is that the postal service is already crowded to its utmost capacity, and could not with its present facilities handle any large amount of additional matter. Of course this is, as far as the public is concerned no reason at all, as there is never any lack of funds to carry on the legitimate public work of the nation. As to universal free delivery, that seems an impossibility. Although enormous petitions have been sent in from farming communities, it is not likely that the department can comply with the requests of the petitioners for some time to come, unless in very thickly settled districts. Enormous appropriations are now required to meet the present demands of the service, and this would add altogether too much to the cost of maintaining the department.

Sending Manuscript. (M. S.)—Manuscript may be sent either by mail or express. It should be folded as little as possible, and addressed to the editor of the publication. A letter is not necessary. Your full name and address on the top of the first page are all that is required. You should send stamps to pay for its return if rejected, provided you wish it returned.

Unhealthful. (Dora.)—The word "unhealthful" is unquestionably a correct term as applied to articles or habits which are prejudicial to health.

Widow's Name. (D. E.)—Mrs. Smith, widow, is Mrs. Mary Smith. Not Mrs. John Smith.

Various. (Several Inquirers.)—We do not criticise unavailable manuscripts for the benefit of their authors. If we did this for one, we should have to do it for all……(Subscriber.)—For the information which you wish about incandescent electric lights, write to Prof. Arthur M. Wright, Yale University, New Haven, Conn……(Sub., Shelbyville, Ky.)—We think that only time will repair the injury done to your cistern by allowing water to run into it from a freshly painted roof. You might have the water run out entirely and keep the cistern dry for a while……(W. F. P.)—Your question regarding the cleaning of a crêpe dress will be answered next week……(C. E. H.)—Accounts occasionally appear of petrified forests in various portions of the country. We think that there is such a forest in Arizona. ……(H. H. B.)—A liberal use of vaseline stimulates the growth of hair, and shaving the hair thus stimulated is an additional stimulant. Still baldness is usually obstinate, and in most cases the very best that can be done to remedy it amounts to very little.

A Student will find much to interest him in a study of the possibilities of ship canals in the United States. There is just now a very lively discussion going on as to the future of a canal to be built around Niagara Falls. This, while not as long as many others which are under consideration, will be of great interest, owing to the descent and the necessity for a most remarkable system of locks which will be required. A project which has met with enthusiastic approval from all who have investigated its merits is that of a water-way across the State of Michigan, between Lake Michigan and Lake Erie. It has been estimated that the cost of building such a way, although enormous, would be more than made up within ten years by the saving in vessels and freight alone, to say nothing of the lives which are yearly sacrificed. Lake Michigan is considered one of the most treacherous sheets of water in the world, and all sailors dread its squalls and sudden hurricanes.

Laws of Georgia. (E. C.)—In almost all of the States married women may hold property in their own right. There are, however, legal provisions and exceptions, which make it impossible to give authoritative answers. Almost all large libraries contain the revised statutes of the different States. By consulting them you can see if your exact case is met.

Sending Flowers. (Reader.)—It is customary to send flowers to a student graduating, and is a very pretty and pleasant custom. You can send the flowers by express, or sometimes by mail. The former method is more desirable, as they might reach the student more quickly, especially if they were marked for delivery at a certain hour, or in time for the exercises.

Cupid's Campaign. (Ida.)—Let things take their natural course. One of the most natural things for a young lady to do, whose lover does not come to the point after a year's wooing, would be to permit the attentions of other young men to an extent sufficient to excite the fears of the tardy lover, and bring him to his knees and a declaration.

The Grand Passion. (F. C. H.)—It is possible that a boy of eighteen may know what "real love" is, but the chances are than any love he may feel will have its birth in his stomach rather than in his heart.

Harry sends us the following effort: "Why did General Grant rest uneasy the night after the Battle of Fort Donelson? Becase he expected to capture a *Pillow*, and only got the *slip*."

⁂ Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.

ODD AND CURIOUS.

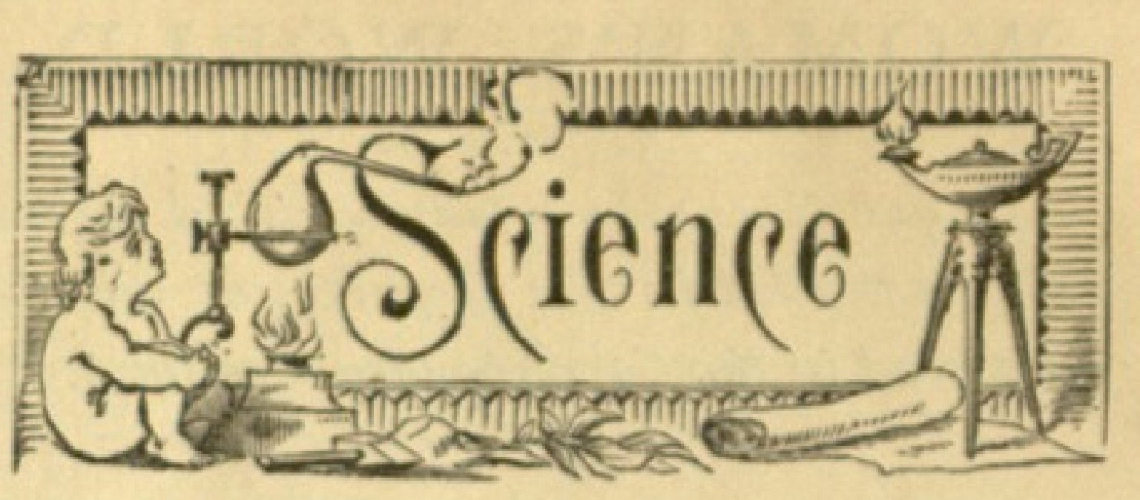
The movement throughout the country for better roads is one of the most important events of the century. It is a popular uprising against the bondage which is upon those people hampered by poor means of communication; it is a protest against the vicious system of false economy, which causes a road tax to be indirectly placed upon every article of consumption. Good roads cheapen the cost of transportation by saving time, reducing the wear of draught animals and of vehicles, and thus lessen the cost of material to the producer and consumer. One of the saddest signs of the times in the older States is the tendency of population toward the cities, which tendency can be laid largely to the bad roads existing in the farming districts, preventing social intercourse and making country life cheerless, isolated and narrow. Churches and schools are neglected when roads are such as to make them difficult of access. Accordingly, every good and thoughtful citizen should advocate the establishment of the proposed Road Department at the World's Columbian Exposition, for which Colonel Pope is making so gallant a fight.

Ex-Speaker Tom Reed is one of the many bicycle riders to be found among public men in Washington, and was one of the earliest residents of that city to indulge in this mode of transportation. At home in Portland, Me., he uses the biggest upright wheel in the State of Maine, but at the national capital he rides a low-seated "safety." In the latter place he is disposed to avoid publicity while disporting himself, and rarely consents to a little run with the bicycle club.

An old restaurant bill of fare, printed in Richmond, Va., in January, 1864, gives the following war-time prices in Confederate money: "Soup, $1.50; chicken, $3.50; roast beef, $3.00; ham and eggs, $3.00; raw oysters, $2.00; coffee, $2.00; bread and butter, $1.50; a bottle of ale, $12.00; and a cigar, $2.00."

Unless an Austrian gains the consent of his wife, he cannot get a passport to journey beyond the frontier of his own country.

Prof. H. W. Vogel, a Berlin chemist, claims to have discovered a system of reproducing natural colors in photography.



The Career of the Malaria Germ. The malaria germ is an animal parasite. It belongs to the lowest grade of animal life, being a protozoon, and is of microscopic size. It seems to make its home ordinarily in the soil. It is plentiful in swamps. Entering the human body through the lungs, the parasite seeks a home in one of the red corpuscles of the blood. These corpuscles are in shape flat, round disks, bearing a curious resemblance, under the microscope, to pieces of money. How essential their well-being is to health everybody knows. The parasite, having taken up its residence in one of the corpuscles, proceeds to multiply, forming a little colony. The colony feeds upon the material of the corpuscle, which thus becomes disorganized and is finally destroyed, so that the hostile germs are set afloat in the blood. At the beginning, they were merely bits of protoplasmic jelly, without any particular shape; but now they become free swimmers and have developed long, hair-like paddles. Each one has three such oars radiating from its body. Thus they make their way through the veins and arteries, following the tide of the circulation. This cannot go on to any considerable extent without seriously affecting the health of the individual. The latter is attacked by chills, alternating with fever. Quinine and other remedies destructive to the parasites relieve these symptoms. However, if the patient continues to be exposed to the absorption of the germs in a malarious region, medicines will cease to have effect. The blood, invaded by hordes of parasites, becomes filled with disorganized red corpuscles, and nature gives up the fight, death ensuing. Now that medical science knows precisely what it has to contend against in the treatment of this hitherto mysterious disease, it may be able to find more effective remedies. Already the discovery has enabled physicians to correctly diagnose many malarial cases which have a way of counterfeiting typhoid fever and other troubles. In such instances the presence of the parasites in the blood, readily ascertained by the microscope, settles the question.

Photographing Bullets. In a lecture on this subject, Professor C. V. Boys has explained his apparatus for the purpose. It consists of a box lined with black cloth, in which the photographic plate is exposed; of a condenser, formed of a plate of glass about a foot square; of a smaller condenser in the form of a bottle, to act as a starter of the spark, and of a system of wire circuits and knobs to give the spark which throws the shadow of the bullet on the plate, and thus takes the photograph. The bullet enters and leaves the box by two holes, covered with paper to exclude the light, and in passing the plate the bullet touches the terminals of two wires, composed of thin lead wire, thus partly completing the circuit; a small flash passes from the smaller condenser, causing a larger flash to pass between the knobs of the plate condenser inside the box, and this flash, lasting less than one-millionth of a second, takes the photograph of the bullet, no lens being employed. A wet string in the circuit of the small condenser is used to damp the electrical oscillations. Mr. Boys was able to infer from his experiments with a rifle that the bullet must have received some three per cent. of its velocity after leaving the muzzle, at which point the turning effort of the rifle must have necessarily ceased.

People Should Sleep Apart. Is it healthful for two persons to sleep in the same bed? It is always unhealthful for two persons to sleep together under the same covers. The air under the bedcovers immediately surrounding the body of a sleeper is exceedingly impure, becoming more and more impregnated with poisonous substances escaping through the excretory glands of the skin, from the moment the person retires until he arises. The odor of the bed-clothing, after having been occupied for a night, is often positively offensive to the nostrils of a person who has just come in from outdoors, where the fresh, pure air has been breathed. The poisonous character of this under-the-bedcloth air would be somewhat more likely to affect a child's constitution than an adult's. In elderly persons the amount of the impurities in the air surrounding the sleeper must be greater than in the younger persons; consequently, while both persons would be more or less injured, the proportion of harm would doubtless be greater to the young person than to the person of more advanced years.

Cobwebs as a Styptic. When Bottom was "translated" and introduced to the attendants of Titania, in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," he endeavored to ingratiate himself with Good Master Cobweb by saying: "When I cut my finger I will make bold with you." To arrest bleeding the application of a cobweb to the wound has long been a rural custom. Experience has shown that the gossamer of which the web is composed forms a very useful styptic; but a very fatal objection to its use arises from the fact that as an application to an open wound it can never be guaranteed to be surgically clean, forming as it does a net for insects, and at the same time for the germs of many an infectious disease. Evidence of this was produced before the Liverpool coroner recently touching the death of Martha Roberts, who, following the time-honored custom, had applied a cobweb to her wounded hand to stop the bleeding. Blood-poisoning followed upon its application, and this terminated, unhappily, in a fatal issue. It is not a solitary case.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Schemes of Color. "I heartily wish," said a practical young woman, who was noted for good taste in dress, "that some Solomon would arise who could explain what some of the wiseacres mean when they write about color. I picked up a paper the other day, in which occurred the remarkable paragraph—remarkable at least to me, for my experience disagrees very violently with the statements therein contained—'Black and white are neutral colors, and are complementary to each other. Black is the total absence of color, and white is the sum of all color. Black, having the coldness and solemnity of darkness, has for its complementary colors only those known as luminous colors, giving a warm and cheerful impression, such as red, orange and yellow in various tones. Blues, greens and purples, being cold colors, are in discord with black.'

"I think there are very few persons who are so far up in the study of color that they can comprehend just exactly what this means. I, for one, am unable to do so. It has for some time seemed to me that, like a great many other things in this world, experts in color have grown so scientific that there is no understanding them.

"I do not know why it should be said that black is the absence of all color. 'Perfectly colorless' is an expression usually applied to that which is white, and why white should be the sum of all colors is altogether too much for my mind to grasp. I have always supposed that black, while certainly somber, was not by any means a cold color. We hear of cold, white winter, but I fail to recall any instance when I ever heard of a cold, black place or thing. The statement that blue, green and purple are in discord with black will scarcely find many adherents, at least among women who profess to understand the theory of dress. No combination is more attractive than most shades of green with black, while blue and black, especially the shades of light-blue, have long been a favorite combination, and are considered becoming to almost all complexions. Orange has been found fault with because it frequently spoils black with which it is used; indeed, I gave up wearing orange long since because, unless my black was extremely fine and of a positively jet shade, the orange made it rusty and common-looking. Only the most elegant black can be worn with orange with good effect.

"Clear lemon yellow and fine jet black are exquisite in combination, but as a great deal of blue-black and brown-black is worn, it is impossible to generalize in the use of such colors. I sometimes think that the writer who discourses most exhaustively on color schemes has probably never had any experience in matching black goods, has doubtless never taken a piece of black silk of last year's dye and worn out the soles of one pair of shoes trying to get goods of the exact shade to make it up with.

"Of course, the artist who experiments with pure colors may theorize to excellent advantage, but when it is taken into consideration that there are scores of shades of black and hundreds of shades of other colors in which there are tints and tones innumerable, the theory scarcely pans out with that brilliant satisfaction which the purchaser of good goods would naturally desire. Such articles are unintentionally misleading. Some inexperienced woman reads that green and black, blue and black and the like are in discord, and immediately she thinks that her last new costume must necessarily be wrong in some way, but for the life of her she can't tell how. She is therefore dissatisfied and very apprehensive that some expert will criticise her taste.

"It would be well in handling such subjects always to bear in mind that the practical outcome of literature on such topics should be beneficial to the masses and therefore the very general mixing and managing of tints and tones should be taken into consideration. For a handsome costume for winter there is nothing more elegant than the blue and black, and to find fault with this universally popular arrangement and call it discord are to upset one of the established rules of dress."

Table Mats. Now that many persons are using elegant mahogany tables without covers, it is important to make provision for the safety of the high polish which is considered necessary. Heavy articles placed on the table are quite likely to scratch it, and this means refinishing it, or a great deal of hard work.

Mats for placing under heavy articles may be made of squares of table felt covered with silk or linen. A very pretty mat for a large piece is made of one of these squares covered with China silk and edged with a narrow ruffle of lace.

For every-day use, where the mats are likely to be soiled, they may be made with linen covers arranged after the fashion of a pillow-case. These covers can then be removed and laundered and replaced, and are always fresh and attractive-looking. Fine linen with a hem-stitched ruffle or a bit of lace edging is very dainty. Squares of wool felt with covers are also used. Where hot articles must be placed on the table, it is well to have a bit of wicker or a straw mat, which is covered with table felt above and below, and then with a fanciful cover, or one of embroidered linen.

Any one who is skillful in folding napkins may have the foundation of straw and felt, and then fold and arrange the napkin to receive the dish in a sort of calyx fashion.

Cosies of various sorts are popular. Each has its special shape, and patterns of all kinds may be had at the fancy stores, or one can arrange them so as to have an entirely original set. This is very easy, all that is necessary being to place the dishes to be covered on the table and pin paper patterns around them, fitting them as one would a garment. The patterns can then be removed, laid together and cut exactly alike, when they can be readjusted and perfectly fitted before cutting out the cloth.

A little practice in this line will enable one to make charming novelties, thereby avoiding the monotony of patterns which one is sure to get from fancy stores and professional designers.

Bee-Keeping. Every year the field for woman's work grows wider. Almost every publication of prominence is taking up the subject of new occupations for women. It is easy enough to find work if there are no home duties, but the woman who must look after her household, and at the same time earn the wherewithal to keep the domestic machinery in motion, has a less favorable outlook than her more independent sister who can control her own time in her own way.

There are many women who must of necessity give personal attention to their little ones. For such, some occupation or business which can be carried on between times, some industry which can be followed, even if the baby has the measles and whooping-cough, is an imperative necessity. Of the more promising avenues for gaining a livelihood which are open to home-bound women, that of bee-keeping is receiving a share of attention. This business has many points in its favor. It is not necessary to have a large or expensive plant to begin with; indeed, a small beginning will, in almost every case, prove much more satisfactory than if the undertaking is started on any extensive scale.

Two things are indispensable to the successful bee-keeper. One is an appreciation of nature's handiwork, and the other is absolute freedom from nervous apprehension. The first is a natural gift; the second may easily be acquired.

There are several popular fallacies about the management of these most interesting little creatures. The experienced or adventurous or boastful bee-fancier, be he amateur or professional, ridicules the idea of wearing gloves or taking other precautions for self-protection. He claims that after a very little handling nothing is necessary but confidence.

All of this is very well—sometimes. The fancier may be one of that class of persons who have natural aptitude for the business, and he will, as one might say, make himself agreeable to the bees at the outset. Such persons may operate an apiary without protective measures and get on very well, but these are exceptions to the rule, and there are bees and—bees.

The theory of successful handling lies to a great extent in acquaintance. If one keeps a large number of cattle in an inclosure remote from one's dwellings, and only visits the animals possibly once in three or four months, it would be scarcely remarkable if the creatures are frightened, and, if efforts be made to interfere with them, dangerously vicious. It is very much so with poultry, and emphatically so with bees. When a colony of bees is kept in a remote corner of the yard or away down at the lower end of the orchard, where nobody ever goes if he can help it, and where the only acquaintance bees have with humanity is the possible small boy who pelts the hive with sticks, stones or sods, and the only positive interference or disturbance the fire by which they are either smoked out or destroyed altogether, there is little wonder that they are considered dangerous, vicious and uncomfortable things to handle.

Bees should live, as an experienced apiculturist once remarked, "with the family." That is, their home should be in the immediate vicinity of the dwelling. If a hive is kept on the path to the well or to the barn where people are passing a score of times a day, and where there is a continual hum of voices and the clatter of utensils, the bees soon become familiar with all of these noises and with the presence of man, and do not resent any ordinary handling.

But first of all things, it is well to put away the whimsical notion that one must not wear gloves or bee-vail in caring for them, else one will never succeed in the apiary. There are many persons who are seriously poisoned by stings, and it is safe to assert that there is no one who is not to some extent annoyed by them. The feeling of confidence with which one goes to work when securely housed under a bee-vail, is something not to be overlooked even by experts. With the beginner, it is an item of the greatest importance, and upon it depends to a great extent the success of many an amateur. There is no use in talking, there is a certain amount of nervous terror in the feeling with which one undertakes for the first time to handle a colony of bees. A plain, simple hat of straw braid with moderately wide brim, not too wide, as the wind has too much sweep with very wide ones, and a well arranged vail, are indispensable. In the purchase of the latter article there must be a judicious and economical expenditure. Never for a moment imagine that a mosquito netting or any old bit of coarse lace will answer the purpose, for such a fabric confuses the eye and frequently renders it impossible to distinguish necessary objects. The best material is a medium quality of black Brussels net, as white is dazzling and uncertain and should never be worn. The net should be gathered with a strong silk thread and attached to the edge of the hat brim. When finished, it should fall almost to the waist, which will give it sufficient length to tuck inside of a jacket, which is also necessary. An ordinary dress is not thick enough to protect the arms from stings. The jacket sleeves should be long and close-fitting at the wrist, and if it have a rolling collar, so much the better. Much is said about gloves for bee-keepers, and various recommendations are heard for these articles. There are experienced persons who find that two pairs of kid gloves are the best possible protection. The ordinary sting cannot penetrate two thicknesses of ordinary-grade kid; and, what is a most important fact, it should always be finished kid. Undressed kid is very offensive to bees, and an amateur, who once attempted to wear a pair of these gloves, received such marked evidence of their disapproval of this sort of kid, that the experiment was never repeated.

One of the most comfortable arrangements is a laced glove of medium-grade leather, such as is known as pique gloves. Over these a pair of close-wristed gloves of six- or eight-button length will be found most desirable. The jacket-sleeves should be folded close around the wrists and tied with a wide flat tape. This is much better than a twine string, as it keeps in place when required, which is a matter of no small importance, especially in cases of emergency. With hands and head well protected, one may work for hours among bees with perfect confidence and ever-increasing interest. It is always best to watch some expert go through the hives at first. It will pay to employ some one, even at a fair cost, to give the first handling. Then continual practice and a careful study of the best bee literature will enable the student to get on very well. To find and be able to recognize the queen, to become familiar with the manipulation of the frames and section-boxes, are highly important, and this is best done by watching some one who thoroughly understands it.

There is no danger of stings if proper care is taken, and the comfort and confidence acquired by the feeling that the sharp arrows cannot penetrate the armor go far to make the handling of bees a success and a pleasure.

Banana Fritters. Make a batter of a cup of sweet milk, an egg well beaten, half a teaspoonful of salt, a bit of butter and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat until quite light. Then dip slices of banana, cut one-fourth of an inch thick and slightly sprinkled with sugar, into the batter and fry in hot lard in a croquet kettle. Serve with butter and sugar beaten to a cream, or with warm maple syrup.

FASHION CORNER.

STREET-COSTUMES OF ASPIRING WOMEN.

It is one of the most curious and interesting things in the world that while we study the fashion journals and admire the figures and plates and designs, we can go on the street and walk, one might say, from Dan to Beersheba, and never get a peep at the intricate and elaborate creations which we have looked at with so much interest; for the street-dress is among the plainest of all imaginable things.

Not long since, a lady from a prominent town had occasion to spend some weeks in New York city. She was very well-to-do and thoroughly up with the styles and conventionalities of life. Among her outings were several which took her where the wealth and fashion of the city were certain to be met.

As a number of leaders of fashion were pointed out to her, the invariable exclamation was: "Why, how plainly they dress!" And so it is. Women whose wealth may be counted by six figures will appear on the street in plain serge, cheviot or simple cloth costumes, while the wife of some man who has scarcely income enough to meet his daily necessities trails a quantity of silk and velvet over the pavements. It is a fact that is noticeable in all metropolitan localities, that wealthy people never wear their fine clothes on the street. Of course, there is, to some extent, a reason for this. They have so much in the way of entertainment of all grades and dress occasions to prepare for that they are glad to get into a simple dress once in a while. In the same line, the woman who rarely goes to any entertainments except, possibly, the theatre, buys her finery and wears it on the street because she has no other place to wear it.

There is a growing sentiment among sensible women, since the era of independent dressing has set in, to refrain from buying fanciful materials. A couple of handsome dresses of plain goods, with a little fine trimming, are considered quite enough for regular wear out-of-doors. For house-dresses and little informals, in which the feminine heart delights, there are simple and inexpensive materials, which are made up in somewhat more dressy fashion. Challie, vailing and some of the really elegant cotton fabrics are preferred for house-dresses.

HOUSE-COSTUMES.

Among the becoming and serviceable materials which may be made into these house-dresses, and which are inexpensive as well as pretty, are the embroidered flouncings which are somewhat past their first fashion but yet make most beautiful garments, and a chambrey or zephyr with ground or some stripe the color of the embroidery is selected. Of this the body of the dress is made. A deep flounce of the embroidery finishes the skirt, and of the pieces that remain from a four-and-a-half-yard length of embroidery a vest-collar or cuffs may be made. If the pattern is at all short, this is not necessary, as a plain waist with lace or other garniture is quite as effective.

Women of moderate means, who find it necessary to exercise some prudence in regard to dress, will find it very convenient to make perfectly plain, close-fitting costumes of cloth or soft, rather thick silk. A fitted bodice with point back and front, a plain bell-skirt, full-topped sleeves and narrow close collar will be found the most manageable style.

Eighteen-inch flounces of lace may be sewed to a heading which is provided with tiny loops. These loops are caught to hooks set on the under edge of the bodice, the flounce falling over the skirt. Little puffs of lace are hooked on to the sleeve-tops in the same way, making dressy epaulets. Cuffs are similarly arranged, and a collar fichu or other neck finish of lace and crêpe lisse or crêpon will be required.

One of the most ingenious of women has a lace flounce which has a ruffled heading and is attached to a narrow band of silk braid. When she wishes to wear this, it is adjusted over the skirt of silk and pinned with the tiniest safety-pins.

The skirt is laid on the ironing-board, the lace is carefully measured and fitted to the skirt and temporarily held in place by common pins or a basting-thread. Then the drapery is turned wrong side out, and little black safety-pins are put in, one about every two or three inches. In this way the lace is safely and gracefully fastened. A deep bertha frill and lace knots for the cuffs finish the waist.

Passementerie and other garnitures are arranged in the same way. There is so much ingenuity displayed in the making of trimmings, and most ladies are familiar with some of the processes that home-made garnitures quite as handsome as many of those purchased at the stores are owned and worn by these ingenious needlewomen.

BATHING-SUITS.

The bathing-dress season always attracts more or less attention. One point should always be kept in mind, and that is, that a conspicuous and eccentric bathing-costume is one of the most absurd things that any woman can invest in. Whatever other clothes one wears and however much of frills and furbelows may be fancied for other occasions, never be tempted into what would be called a dressy bathing-suit. It is in outrageous taste, is quite likely to subject the wearer to unpleasant remark and criticism, is easily spoiled, and in every way unsuitable. Make a short skirt, full trousers and blouse of English serge or the regular grade of shirting flannel. Have it entirely without ornament, save possibly a bit of black braid. A square of net trimmed with edging may be knotted about the throat and held in place with a pin. This makes a becoming finish and has a suggestion of utility. There are hats with cone-shaped crowns and trimmings of a bit of wool material, nun's-vailing or something of the sort, with strings to hold it in place, which are all that are necessary. Such a costume as this may not attract attention in the crowd, but its wearer will be quite certain to receive the commendation of all people of good sense and delicacy. The exhibitions of flesh which one sometimes sees at a fashionable watering-place are anything but creditable to the owners, therefore ample stockings, sleeves and gloves are quite as much in place as on more elaborate dress occasions. The blouse and skirt, or the trousers and blouse should be in one piece or securely buttoned together. In the dash of the waves, it is not unusual for flimsily attached articles to part company, a condition not particularly conducive to comfort or complacency, therefore in making up a bathing-suit give special attention to the durability of the fastenings unless the articles are in one piece or buttoned firmly together.

A pretty and stylish as well as somewhat economical fashion is that of making the overskirt of lace-flouncing and a blouse of the same material. The blouse is in Russian fashion, the skirt portion about twelve to eighteen inches below the belt, the sleeves full and the collar trimmed with ruchings of edging. With this blouse and overskirt, the most ordinary plain skirt is transformed into a dressy costume.

A pretty idea is a skirt of lawn, mull or any other thin material, with a half-length flounce of lace sewed in at the belt. Dresses of mull, silk, crêpon and other thin fabrics are worn with very wide, soft sashes of crêpe. These are tied in a very large bow, with short ends and loops. The effect is somewhat peculiar if attempted by plump girls, but for those very slender and willowy is exceedingly pretty.

The Russian-blouse idea is carried out in organdie dresses. These are made with waists tucked at the yoke and gathered in at the belt. A double skirt of the material, cut straight and hemmed and edged with lace about two inches wide, is the approved model.

A handsome hat is of fine braid. The braid is open at intervals near the edge of the brim, and puffs of soft silk, crêpe or ribbon are threaded through the little slits. The ribbon is caught up into little bows along the edge.

The girdle or wide belt is quite pretty when made with bias folds of satin or silk. A pretty model is made on a foundation and has bias folds of velvet. The edges are finished with narrow passementerie.

Evening shoes are embroidered with steel or jet. This is considered stylish, but is a fashion which is most destructive to good dresses. The beads will ruin the hem of any dress in a single evening.

Velvet will be in very general demand for summer wear when made up with thin materials. A panel, corselet, collar and cuffs and wide bands will be among the popular garnitures.

A hat of leghorn has back rolled over to the crown and caught down in scallops. The front is slightly peaked, and the trimming is of ostrich tips and fine aigrettes.

Young ladies are making overskirts of thirty-inch lace-flouncing. These are attached to a belt, and may be worn over any skirt of thin material.

The long-streamer idea is destined to be very short-lived; indeed, conservative people have not adopted it, and are not at all likely to do so.

White dresses are very much liked, and many of them will be worn during the warm season.

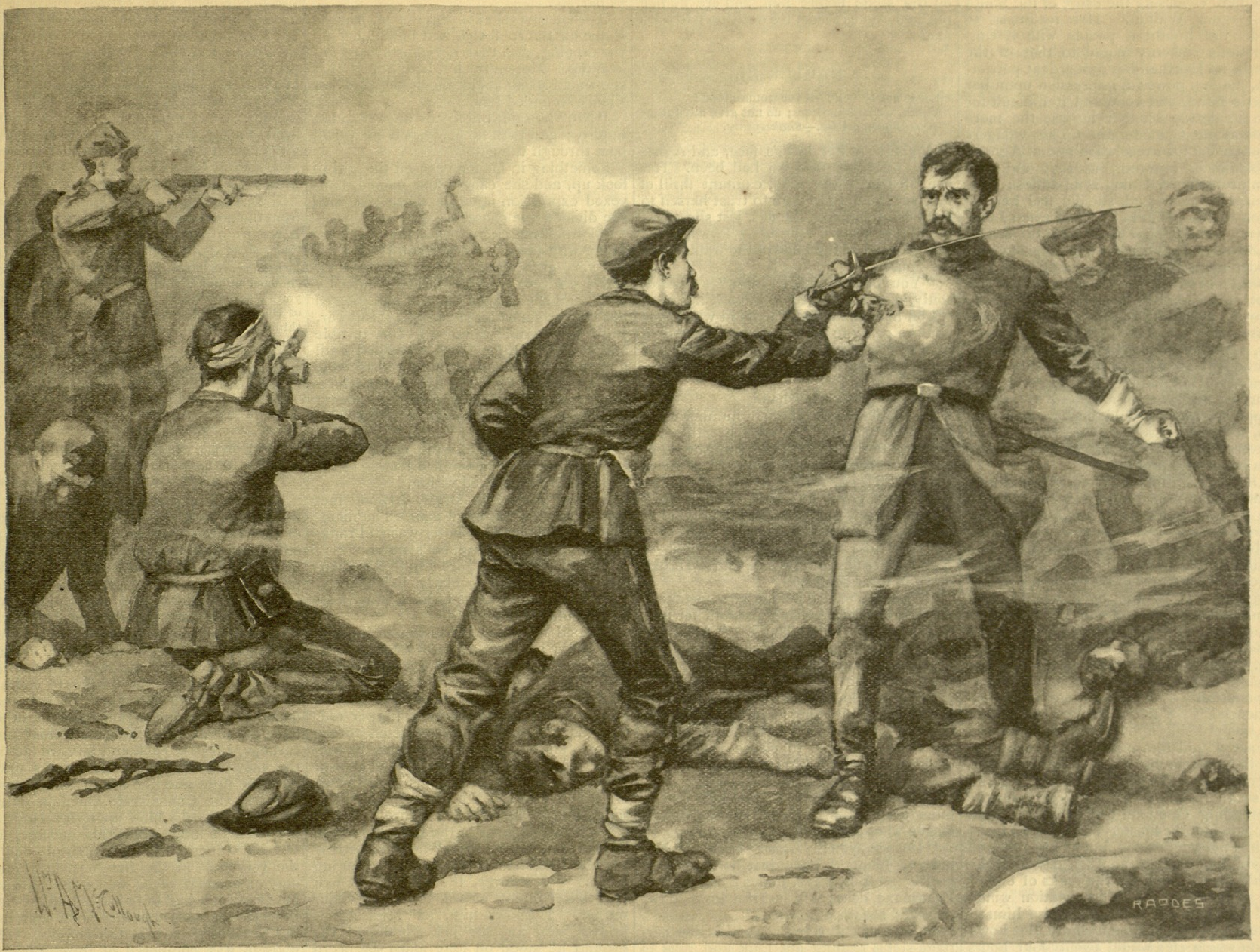
Dinner-dresses of colored velvet, trimmed with white lace, are among the new importations.

Pretty hats of braid and profusely trimmed with handsome ostrich tips are popular.

Pink-satin dresses, with trimming of black lace, are popular for full-dress wear.

The lace barbe is a popular millinery trimming.

Double skirts are growing in favor.



PICKETT'S DIVISION MEETING HANCOCK'S LINE.

UNDER WHICH FLAG?[*]

AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 4, 1863.

BY W. C. KITCHIN.

CHAPTER I.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armėd men the hum.—*Bret Harte.*

THE country round about Gettysburg, now hallowed by the memories of the greatest and most decisive battle ever fought upon the American continent, presented, on the thirtieth of June, 1863, merely the appearance of a rich agricultural district, laced with numerous white, dusty highways and dotted here and there with farm-buildings and peaceful hamlets. Not so peaceful either were they, this hot, cloudless summer day, for the entire country-side was thrilling with the report that both the Federal and the Confederate armies were converging upon a common point, and the belief that a mighty conflict was at hand sufficed to throw the people of Gettysburg and the surrounding region into a condition of intense excitement.

Southward from Gettysburg the distance of a few miles lies X——, a little country village, whose center is formed by the intersection of two important highways. Of these, the Gettysburg road was considered the main street of the village, and it was along this broad, shady avenue that, toward the evening of the day we have mentioned, a large body of Federal troops passed through the town, and, filing off into the fields about a mile beyond X——, began preparing to camp for the night. Villagers, who, a short time before, had been trembling at the prospect of a visit from the dreaded Southern invaders, were now welcoming their deliverers with unbounded rejoicings. Houses were decorated with flags and gayly colored bunting, women and children waved their handkerchiefs from the windows, while groups of citizens by the wayside sent up cheer after cheer as the troops marched by. Tables, loaded with food and drink, were set here and there along the road, from which the thirsty and travel-worn soldiers were supplied with refreshments.

On the northern border of the village and set well back from the road stood the Walton farm-house, a long, low building, that gleamed out in its coat of fresh white paint between the double rows of apple-trees that lined either side of the drive-way leading down from the house to the street. The pillars of the broad piazza were draped with successive bands of red, blue and white bunting, and a large flag fluttered gayly from a high pole set up before the front door. The Walton household had entered into the spirit of the hour with a loyalty and generosity as great as that of any family in X——. James, the hired man, dressed in a pair of blue overalls and a white blouse, stood by the carriage-steps before the gate, under the shade of a rock-maple, dispensing fresh, rich milk from the Walton dairy and warm, buttered rolls from the Walton kitchen to all who cared to partake. Farmer Walton, a wiry little old man, was kept busy travelling back and forth between the house and the carriage-steps, bringing fresh supplies to replenish James's continually failing stock. In the kitchen, Agnes, the daughter of the house, humming a popular war-song, was helping the maid Hannah in preparing the great piles of white rolls that were meeting with so brisk a demand upon the street.

Agnes Walton, at the moment we first meet her, is standing by the great oaken table, busily buttering the panful of hot, steaming rolls which Hannah has just drawn from the oven; and, despite the fact of work-dress and apron, hair just a little rumpled and face and bare arms flushed to a glowing pink by the torrid atmosphere of the room, she makes a picture pretty enough to attract more than a passing glance of admiration. Agnes was a loyal little Unionist, full of enthusiastic devotion to the side she believed to be right, and with a spirit proud and courageous enough to do honor to a veteran soldier. But she cherished no unreasoning prejudice for the foes of the cause she so dearly loved.

"Why, of course, the Southern people, many of them, are just as sincere as we are," she would say, in discussing the matter with Hannah, who was inclined to indulge in sweeping denunciations of the Confederacy. "Why, of course they are. If they weren't, do you think they'd fight like the tigers that they are? I tell you that that General Lee of theirs is a brave, good man, and brave, good men he has behind him, too. If they weren't, they'd never have dared to invade the North."

Agnes's mother had died when she was only sixteen years old, and for the past five years the young girl had been mistress of the little farm-house. She had one brother, but of his whereabouts neither she nor her father knew anything. Three years before, Earl, who was six years her senior, had forged his father's name to a check for a large amount, and, obtaining the money upon it, had disappeared. The blow came with all the greater crushing force to his old father and to his sister because of his previous honesty and integrity of character. What had led him to commit such a crime remained a mystery to them, for Earl had vanished, as it seemed, out of their lives. Agnes, with the elasticity of a youthful nature, in time regained her wonted light-heartedness, but the old father never ceased to grieve over his erring boy with a sorrow that refused to be comforted.

Fortunately, no one outside of the family knew of their disgrace. Farmer Walton was the first to detect the forgery, and his lips were sealed. His accounts at the bank were adjusted without any one suspecting the truth, and though his neighbors queried and gossiped among themselves over Earl Walton's mysterious disappearance, none of them surmised that aught dishonest had been the cause. He and his father had had a quarrel, and he had left. This was the theory which the people of X—— set up to account for the condition of affairs in the Walton household, and both Agnes and her father, by their silence, gave what was regarded as conclusive proof of its truth.

CHAPTER II.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide.—*Lowell.*

Not even to John Atwood had Agnes revealed the true cause of her brother's sudden disappearance, though he had been Earl's intimate friend. Atwood was a young Virginian who, about five years previous to the date of our story, had come to X—— as principal of the high-school of the village. From an intimacy with Earl he had drifted, almost insensibly both to himself and to her, into being the lover of Agnes. Atwood was a man of sterling character, of moderately good education, not handsome, but of very pleasing manners though of a somewhat impetuous and vacillating temperament. He made a good teacher, was something of a leader in the social life of the quiet little village, and for nearly two years he had been regarded as the accepted lover of Agnes Walton.

At the outbreak of the war, Atwood had found himself in a peculiarly embarrassing position. A Southerner by birth and early associations, his sympathies were largely with the Confederate cause. On the other hand, he had formed many friendships in X——, and the strong Union sentiment of the place had its influence upon the impressionable young Virginian. But, most potent of all the causes that deterred At-

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wood from returning to his native State and there espousing the cause of the South was Agnes Walton. Her readiness to credit the Southern people with a conscientious sincerity equal to that of the North, no less than her own ardent patriotism, made a powerful impression upon her lover's mind, and rendered it difficult for him to decide whether he was the more Federal or Confederate. The villagers wondered at his irresolution and at Agnes's forbearance, knowing, as they did, her own pronounced Union sympathies; and, it must be confessed, she did feel her position to be a painful one: and when Lizzie Payne, her neighbor just across the street, read to her Neil Burton's letters—manly, tender messages from the camp and battlefield—in which the devotion of the patriot vied with the devotion of the lover, poor Agnes, though keenly sensitive to the horrors of war and the perils of the soldier's life, could not help feeling a twinge of envy. Without the least bit of the foolishly sentimental in her nature, her patriotic little heart thrilled at the thought of the proud happiness which would be hers had she, too, a warrior-lover at the front, whose bravery, like Neil Burton's, was winning him honor and promotion.

On this eventful afternoon, Atwood kept himself aloof from the highway over which the Union troops were passing on their march toward Gettysburg. The family with whom he made his home lived in a small alley leading off the main street, and here, in the solitude of his room, the young Virginian sat by the open window that commanded a view of the Walton farm-house across the intervening fields, moodily endeavoring to decide what course to pursue. The coming of the Union forces had aroused him to a keener sense of his wavering neutrality than he had ever before experienced. He felt that the crisis of his life was pressing upon him, and he fancied a voice within him crying out: "Choose! Be it North or be it South, as your conscience may guide you, but choose!" Long he sat there, his soul a battlefield for the contending emotions and influences that struggled for the mastery. Finally he rose; he had not yet decided, but he had resolved before the close of another day that he would be enrolled in the ranks of one or the other army. This irresolution which had so long led him to despise himself should be brought to an end. But how? Upon which side would twenty-four hours hence find him? He did not know.

Atwood rushed out of his room, and hastened across the fields to the Walton farm-house; he would confer once again with Agnes, and then decide. In their past conversation together upon the subject, the young girl had been careful not to seem to urge her lover to espouse the Union side; he knew her fondly cherished hope, that must suffice; for the rest, he would have to decide for himself. That very afternoon, while Atwood, seated in his room, had been fighting it out in his own troubled soul, she and Hannah had been discussing the matter over the great baking-oven in the Walton kitchen.

"He's a born soldier," the latter had said, enthusiastically, "so tall and straight and strong, and that step of his is as quick and firm as any soldier's who has passed by to-day." Then she added querulously, and with a sharp look at her mistress: "And I don't understand it! Why can't the fellow make up his mind what he's going to do?"

"Not so easily done, Hannah," Agnes returned, quietly, "but wait! This prospect of a battle right at our doors will bring about a decision. I know that it will," she concluded, confidently. Then she gave a nervous sigh. What would that decision be?

It was an hour and a half later when Atwood came to see her. She and her father were sitting on the front piazza resting after the arduous labors of the day. The last rays of the setting sun lit up, with a soft, golden splendor, the gayly decorated street, the multitude of fluttering flags, the groups of villagers before the houses, the long lines of soldiers stretching far up the highway to the rapidly forming camp in the fields on either side of the road. It was a brilliant and inspiring spectacle, and so Atwood thought, as he sprung over the fence into the Walton yard. The sight of all this martial and patriotic activity, and, as he caught a glimpse of Agnes on the piazza waving her handkerchief to him, the face of the woman he loved thrilled the young Virginian's heart. Were not these men and women that thronged the yards of the village his friends and neighbors, and had he not looked forward to making his home among them? Was not this woman before him soon to become his wife? Should not their sympathies, therefore, be one? Ought he not to cast in his lot with those among whom he was to dwell? Thoughts such as these coursed through Atwood's mind, as, while crossing the yard, he gazed on the scene before him, and ere he had reached Agnes's side, his decision had been made.

CHAPTER III.

Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics.—*Shakespeare.*

A glance at her lover's face, and Agnes knew what his decision had been. Her heart leaped with a glad, exultant thrill of joy, yet she did not dare to trust herself to show the happiness she felt, lest she might break into tears. Hastening forward, she met Atwood at the head of the walk before the house.

"You have decided, John," she said, softly, clasping his hand in both her own. "You have made up your mind which side you are going to take. You will be one of us, will you not?" she added, tremulously, looking up into his flushed and excited face. "Oh, I am so glad!"

Atwood pressed her hand.

"I shall be one of their number early to-morrow morning," he cried, breathlessly, pointing to the Federal camp up the highway. "Thank God! I know at last where I stand; but oh, Agnes, it was hard to decide. And now," he added, smiling down into her happy face, "Lizzie Payne will not be the only girl that has a soldier-lover."

"How did you know that—that—" Agnes's face flushed crimson, and she broke down in utter confusion.

"That you envied her her good fortune?" Atwood finished Agnes's question for her, with a merry, ringing laugh. "Ah, I can read you, dear, and the sweetest and most precious of little books you are, too," he cried, drawing her to him. Then more gravely: "I knew what your patriotic little heart has been longing for all these months, dearest, and you don't know how it pained me not to be able to please you, but I couldn't help it; I wanted to see my way clearly before taking so important a step. I hope, dear, you'll not despise me—I have often despised myself—because I couldn't decide what to do."

"Despise you!" Agnes cried. "No, indeed, John. I knew just how trying a position— But, there, James is calling me. Excuse me, dear; I'll just run down to the gate and see what he wants."

James was still standing beside the carriage-steps, dealing out milk and rolls to the scattered companies of straggling soldiers that were following up the main body of troops. Atwood, who took a seat upon the piazza to await Agnes's return, saw her receive a note from the hired man. This she opened and read. Then followed a colloquy between the two, James, in the meantime, pointing up the highway toward a company of soldiers that were hastening up the road to the camp. Again Agnes read the letter, and then, folding it and putting it into the pocket of her apron, she slowly returned to the house. As she drew near, Atwood perceived that her face was very pale, that her hands trembled violently, and that only with great difficulty was she able to assume an appearance of calmness. Her eyes fell before her lover's questioning look.

"Excuse me for a few minutes, John," she said, hurriedly, not lifting her eyes to his face. "I must go in; I am not feeling well. I guess I worked too hard in that hot kitchen, baking rolls for those horrid soldiers;" this last with a backward glance over her shoulder at Atwood, and a little nervous laugh. Then she vanished within the house.

Half an hour passed before she returned. Farmer Walton and Atwood were seated on the piazza in the mellow dusk of the June twilight, talking over the events of the day, when she joined them. Her work-dress and apron had been exchanged for a simple and pretty lawn; a bunch of moss-rose buds was fastened at her throat; and she had thrown a white scarf over her head and shoulders. Atwood cast a keen glance upon her as she came forward and seated herself by her father's side. No trace of her former agitation remained, and never before, he thought, had she appeared so beautiful. During the whole evening, however, he could not fail to note her constrained bearing toward himself. What had caused it? Surely not his decision to enlist in the Federal army? Then, with an unpleasant sensation at his heart, the suggestion came to him: Had the note which she had received from James anything to do with it? But he banished the thought from his mind, with an inward feeling of contempt for himself in allowing such an absurd idea to cross his thoughts. Still, her listless interest in the conversation and her preöccupied manner chafed him. When he was taking his departure she accompanied him to the gate.

"Did you say anything to papa about your—about what you told me?" she asked, at parting.

Atwood saw that she was endeavoring to shake off the spell that had bound her all the evening, and that her efforts were unavailing. Moreover, he had hoped that she would speak about the letter, and her silence wounded him.

"No," he said, briefly, in answer to her inquiry; and then he made as if he would pass through the gate.

Something in his tone caused the girl to look up, and she caught the pained, half-vexed expression upon his face. At once she divined the cause.

"Pardon me, John," she cried, her eyes filling with tears. "I fear you think I am not very enthusiastic over your decision. But I am very, very glad, dear; indeed I am;" and she clasped his arm and pressed her cheek against his shoulder. "But war, John, is a terrible thing—just how terrible and full of danger I never realized until now that you are going into it. I tremble—I am afraid—but no, I'll not say anything more. I am nervous to-night, dear; I have just heard enough to drive me wild. Good night, John, good night."

Before Atwood could reply, she had sped away up the now moonlit driveway to the house and disappeared within.

Passing down the street, Atwood met James, the Walton hired man. The memory of that mysterious letter was still rankling in the young Virginian's mind.

"I saw you give Agnes a note this evening," he said, half jocularly, half angrily. "From some old flame of hers, now wearing the blue, I suppose?"

Atwood regretted his ill-timed, impetuous words as soon as they were spoken. Why did he suffer so small a matter to disturb him? When she thought proper, Agnes would doubtless tell him all. James's sun-burned face flushed to a deeper red. He was not particularly attracted to the young Southerner, anyway, and he despised the neutrality which he had shown. Now his question roused his resentment. He would give this stuck-up schoolmaster something to digest at his leisure.

"You've hit near 'n the mark than you thought on, Mr. Atwood," he said, surveying the Virginian with a look of withering scorn. "Moreover, the feller what writ thet letter haint afeard to be a soldjur nuther. I knows him, an' Miss Agnes knows him, an' she just worshiped the ground he stood on long aforn she heerd enything about the Virginy schoolmarms," and with a sniff of contempt, James resumed his way, chuckling to himself over the manner which he had "tuk that Virginy feller down a peg."

Atwood returned to his room, his thoughts in a wild tumult of conflicting emotion. Seating himself by the window that commanded a view of the Walton farm-house, he strained his eyes thitherward in the hope that he might see Agnes moving about the yard. The moon was shining from a cloudless sky, but there was no signs of life about the place, and one by one the lights within the dwelling were extinguished until by ten o'clock the house was entirely dark. Atwood, after remaining and listening to the sounds from the Federal camp for some time longer, was on the point of rising from the window and retiring for the night, when another glance across the fields showed him a light in the rear portion of the Walton house. Then the back door opened, and a woman stepped out into the clear moonlight. Atwood's heart gave a leap; it was Agnes!

But what could it mean? Where was she going at this hour, and alone? Casting a hasty glance up and down the highway and another toward the darkened house behind her, she sped swiftly down the lane in the direction of the barn. Before she had reached this, Atwood was out into the field behind his house and was speeding along by the side of the high stone wall that led diagonally across to the southern boundary of the Walton farm. It would be difficult to analyze Atwood's feelings at this moment, or to say just what impulse it was that led him to follow Agnes Walton on this mysterious walk of hers. That strange letter haunted and troubled him, yet is only fair to say that no well-defined suspicion of anything wrong had taken possession of him. Perhaps the thought uppermost in his mind was the peril to which the young girl was exposing herself, should it be that foraging gangs of soldiers were prowling about her father's farm, and his own duty of being near enough to protect her were protection necessary. Some twenty-five or thirty rods back of the barn was a small chestnut grove, and it was toward this that Agnes was hastening. The wall that Atwood was following likewise joined the line-fence at this point, and he had just reached the junction of the two when the girl emerged from the lane and began crossing a little pasture that lay between her and the grove. Concealed in the shadow of the stone wall, Atwood paused, peering at Agnes through the rail fence. He heard her utter a low cry of joy and then rush forward. Looking toward the grove, he saw a man, clad in the uniform of a Federal officer, leave the shadow of the trees and hasten to meet Agnes. The next minute the two were locked in each other's arms, the stranger passionately kissing the girl's face and hair. The two then turned, and, arm in arm, walking back toward the grove, disappeared among the trees.

Next morning, James, upon his return from the post-office, handed Agnes a letter. It was from Atwood, and read as follows:

> "Last evening I had decided to enlist in the Federal army, but permit me to say that I have changed my mind, and that before this reaches you I shall have united myself with the fortunes of the South. My change of plans ought not, I think, to surprise you, when you learn that I witnessed, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock last night, your meeting with your Federal lover before the chestnut-grove, back of your father's barn. JOHN ATWOOD."

CHAPTER IV.

When will their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.—*Tennyson.*

The course of our story leads us away, for a time, from X—— and the quietness of the Walton farm-house to Gettysburg and the tumult and confusion of the battle-field. Noon of the third day after the events narrated in the preceding chapter found the Federal and the Confederate armies facing each other on the heights at Gettysburg, each side preparing for the final and supreme struggle that would decide whose was to be the victory. Already for two and a half days the desperate combat had been waged, the storm of war now dashing in mad fury against one or other line, or, again, with hideous uproar and carnage, surging back and forward across the field. Defeated in his attacks upon both the right and the left of the Federal position, the Confederate chieftain determined to hazard a blow upon the center of his enemy's line. For this purpose, he selected General Pickett's division, one of the very best in the Southern army, not only on account of its well-tried heroism, but because it had only arrived on the battle-field the previous afternoon and had not yet taken part in the conflict. The division was composed of three Virginia brigades, aggregating about four thousand five hundred men. Since early morning these troops had been lying concealed in the tall grass a few hundred yards in rear of the Confederate artillery, awaiting the moment when they should receive orders to march upon the foe.

Two days before, while General Pickett was still at Chambersburg, a young man had come to him and craved permission to enlist in the Confederate service. He announced himself as a Virginian who had been living near Gettysburg for several years, but was now desirous of identifying himself with the cause of the South. Upon further inquiry it was discovered that he was a native of the same district from which one of the brigade commanders, General Armistead, and several of his officers had come; and, as the new recruit was evidently a man of considerable scholarship and had a fine military bearing, Armistead received him into his staff. And thus it happened that John Atwood, for he it was, became a Confederate soldier.

Upon the whole, Atwood found his new surroundings pleasant and congenial. Not a few of the officers and men had been the acquaintances of his boyhood days, and from these he received a most cordial welcome to their ranks. Many more of the men were slightly known to him, and he felt a glow of pride in having his name enrolled with these brave Virginians who had won for their division, by their gallant achievements on many a well-fought field, the name of the "flower of General Lee's army." In the first thrill of intoxicating enthusiasm that possessed his impetuous nature, he wondered that he had ever seriously contemplated espousing the Union cause. Then the face of Agnes Walton would flit before his mental vision, and the young Virginian's countenance would grow dark with indignant scorn for the woman who could be so false and with bitter hatred for the man who had supplanted him in her affections. At times he found a sort of fierce satisfaction in the thought that he was now the enemy of both Agnes and her Federal lover, and that perhaps fate might will that this rival of his should fall by his hand. But let it be said, to Atwood's credit, that these sinister reflections found but a small place in his thoughts. He became more and more absorbed in the duties of his new office, and the enthusiasm of the army and its confidence in the final triumph of its cause took every hour a stronger hold upon him; and this noon as he was seated with his comrades of Armistead's staff upon the slope of Seminary Ridge, his blood tingled with joyous ardor over the prospect of his first battle just before him.

Shortly after one o'clock, the silence, which for more than two hours had hung like an oppressive incubus over the battle-field, was broken by the sharp reports of two signal guns on the summit of the ridge just above the place where Atwood and his companions lay. A minute more, and one hundred and twenty Confederate cannon thundered forth the renewal of the conflict. From the Federal side eighty more hurled back defiance and death, and the most terrible artillery combat that the world has ever seen was begun. For miles around, the hills were shaken from base to summit by the quick succession of crashing explosions, the air was filled with shrieking missiles of death, and, within a few minutes from the beginning of the cannonade, heavy clouds of sulphurous and suffocating smoke, rolling up from the guns, as from the craters of so many blazing volcanoes, hung like frightful storm-clouds above the awful scene.

Atwood and the other staff officers sprang to their feet and gathered about their chief, in order that they might hear his commands, for no bugle-call nor sound of voice could be heard above the incessant roar of the artillery and the storm of screaming shot and shell that filled the air above them, making a pandemonium of sound that amazed the oldest officers. Like all the others who were compelled to remain motionless under this fearful fire, Atwood's face blanched to a deadly pallor, and, as shot after shot plunged hissing through the prostrate detachments, leaving a track of blood behind, while the heavens seemed to rain down upon the heads of the waiting troops a veritable deluge of bursting shell, his knees shook and his heart fainted within him. Eighty minutes of this fearful ordeal, and then the Federal fire slackens, and in half an hour ceases entirely. "Our gunners have silenced the Union batteries!" is the cry that passes along the line, and Pickett's men spring to their feet with a wild huzza; the time for the long-expected charge has come. Still the Confederates pour a storm of shot and shell into the Federal position, and then gradually cease firing, while the attacking column prepares to advance. Armistead's brigade is drawn up in the rear of the other two, while flanking detachments from other divisions of the army support Pickett's right and left. "Charge the enemy, and remember old Virginia!" rings out the battle-cry; and then, in a strong, clear voice comes the command: "Forward! Guide center! March!" And the attacking column, with a front of almost a mile and between thirteen and fifteen thousand strong, sweeps over the crests of Seminary Ridge and through the batteries and down the slope in the direction of the Federal lines.

The supreme crisis of the battle of Gettysburg and, with it, of the entire Civil War has come. Cheer after cheer goes up from the Confederates as the splendid attacking column rushes by, and a cry of admiration rises from thousands in the Union army as they behold the stately advance of the foe, with whom they soon are to be locked in a fierce death-grapple. Atwood is riding by his chieftain's side, the nervous dread of an hour ago forgotten, and his heart swelling with a wild, thrilling exhilaration of spirits. The muffled roar of the steady tramp of thousands to the right and to the left of him, the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun flashing from the forest of gleaming bayonets and the multitude of flags dancing and fluttering in the breeze made by the rapid advance of the column intoxicate him.

Half a mile still separates them from the Federals, and between the two extends the Emmittsburg highway, soon to be the death-pit of hundreds. Suddenly Atwood sees a broad sheet of flame flash out from the Union batteries upon the heights before them, and then came the deafening roar of cannon, the shrill whir of round shot, and the hoarse scream of flying shell. Ah, those Federal guns after all had not been silenced; but now, trained upon the advancing column, they plow it from left to right and right to left with terribly destructive volleys. Of the subsequent history of this memorable charge, so heroically executed and so sternly met, scores of pages have been filled with what claim to be descriptions. We are told how the flank supports gradually broke and fled before the pitiless storm of grape and canister with which the Union batteries swept that field of death; how Pickett's divison, left alone, still pressed on beneath the concentrated fire of a hundred guns; how, when they came within reach of the foemen's muskets, the whole Federal line became one sheet of living flame; and how, in the face of this leaden rain the dauntless column—what was left of it—rushed on, up to the Union defenses, over them, hurling the Federal lines backward in confusion, and only succumbing when, outnumbered eight to one, they found themselves unsupported from the rear and threatened with annihilation on either flank and in front.

From the moment when the first Federal round shot cut down an orderly riding by his side, to the last gun he heard fired, Atwood has but confused remembrances. He can recall the one wild shout of defiance with which the attacking column greeted the Union fire, then faster and ever faster they swept on, hurling back the Federal skirmish line before them. He remembers seeing the enemy strengthening their line at the place where they expected the blow to fall, and then his horse goes down, a bullet through his brain. On his feet in a moment, Atwood sees General Armistead, likewise dismounted, his hat perched on the point of his sword, shouting for volunteers to follow him. Another minute, and the young Virginian is at his chieftain's side, and the two, followed by some one hundred and fifty men, rush forward at the head of the now broken and disorganized column whose brigades and regiments, crowded together into a compact mass from twenty to thirty deep, are still borne onward by the momentum of their charge up to the very muzzles of the Federal guns.

This much Atwood can clearly call to mind, but no more. What remains is a confused recollection of friends and foes mixed together in inextricable confusion; a wild medley of sounds, curses, shrieks, groans, shoutings, calls to surrender, crashing of musketry, and over all the incessant roar of artillery. The ground is heaped with dead and dying men; earth and air seem to be on fire; smoke and flame encircle the Confederate van like an impenetrable wall. Now they are on the hostile battery, and the Southern flag waves for a moment over the Federal guns; but just then the Union triple huzza rings out, clarion-like, above the frightful din, there is a counter-charge from somewhere, a blinding flash, Armistead falls mortally wounded, and Atwood's face is scorched by the blaze. He finds himself, in that one instant of time, wondering why he alone, of the hundred and fifty that followed their chief, has escaped that death-dealing volley. Then, even while he is reeling back, dazed and blinded, some one fires a pistol right against his breast. Convulsively, he thrusts forward with his sword, feels that he has struck—has pierced—his foe, is conscious that they are falling side by side. Now they are rolling together on the black, trampled earth beneath the guns. Atwood opens his eye and looks into the face close to his own. Surely, he has seen it before; but where? He is growing faint. He must think quickly if he would remember. Ah, yes, it is Earl Walton, Agnes's brother! Atwood is too weak to clearly comprehend the horror of the situation; he can only think himself glad to see his old friend again. He smiles, reaches out his hand to touch the other's, and then, with a wild roaring in his ears, everything seems suddenly to be plunged into darkness.

CHAPTER V.

Early on the morning of July 4, 1863, the news of the Confederate repulse was flashed across the continent, and, from Maine to California, the ringing of bells, the booming of cannon and the enthusiastic rejoicings of a patriotic people welcomed the glad tidings. Joy, deep, heartfelt joy, pervaded also the country about Gettysburg and the ranks of the Federal army when they realized the magnitude of the victory they had won and learned that the Confederates were drawing off from their position and would soon be in full retreat toward the Potomac and their native South.

But as a great military leader has well said: "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won." The great rejoicings of the Union forces on this memorable Fourth of July were tempered with sorrow for the thousands who had gone down in death, and the hours of the day were spent in consigning these to soldiers' graves and in caring for the thousands more of wounded men who strewed the battlefield. Many women from Gettysburg and the surrounding villages came to the hospital-tents, proffering their services as nurses. Some were from X——, and it was in the tent to which these were assigned for duty, and about the middle of the afternoon, that the closing scene of this story took place.

Side by side, in one corner of the tent, a Federal and a Confederate soldier are lying. Both have been severely though not dangerously wounded, and, as we approach them, we recognize John Atwood in the one, and in the other Earl Walton—the two combatants who had stricken each other down in that desperate encounter among the Union guns the evening before. Years ago, they had been bosom companions; yesterday, they met as foemen on the field of battle; to-day, once more as friends, they lie side by side, surrounded by loving watchers. Agnes Walton, her father and Hannah are there, and John Atwood knows now that Agnes's Federal lover of four nights ago was none other than this soldier-brother of hers, whom the fortunes of war had brought to his native village. Filled with a desire for reconciliation with his injured father, he wrote that note to Agnes asking for a secret interview, with the hope that he could induce her to intercede with their father in his behalf. His wish had been accomplished, and the erring, but repentant son, will once again return to his childhood's home. Agnes has heard, with a deep, sweet joy filling her heart, Atwood's faintly whispered words of regret over that note of three mornings before. They all understand one another now—father and son, friends, lovers. Happy, never-to-be-forgotten Fourth of July! Permission is readily obtained to remove the two wounded men to X——, and soon James is at the tent door with horse and carriage to take them home. Tenderly, brother and lover are taken out and placed in the waiting carriage, upon the soft mattress made ready to receive them, and with their friends by their side they are borne away. Far and wide can be heard bells and guns celebrating the glorious victory. But the little group of reunited lovers, friends and kindred in the Walton carriage listen in silence that is too sacred for words; their hearts are overflowing with a subdued, peaceful, unspeakable joy.

THE END.

◆

BEFORE YOU TAKE A PACIFIC SLOPE

For the far West; before you go aboard your steamer, Pullman palace train or emigrant car, see to it that among your outfit is an adequate supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicinal safeguard specially suited to the wants of tourists, travellers, emigrants and summer sojourners. Cures nausea, dyspepsia, languor, heartburn, malaria, rheumatism, etc. —*Adv.*

◆

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Such remedies as these are absolutely a boon to mankind. —*Adv.*

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◆

TIME AND MONEY.

Visitors to New York will find the reconstructed Broadway Central Hotel the most conveniently located for business or pleasure of any house in the city.

The Elevated Roads have their stations both at the rear and one block in front, while the new Cable Lines passing the doors run from the Battery to Central Park every minute, passing all the fashionable stores, theatres and attractions of the city.

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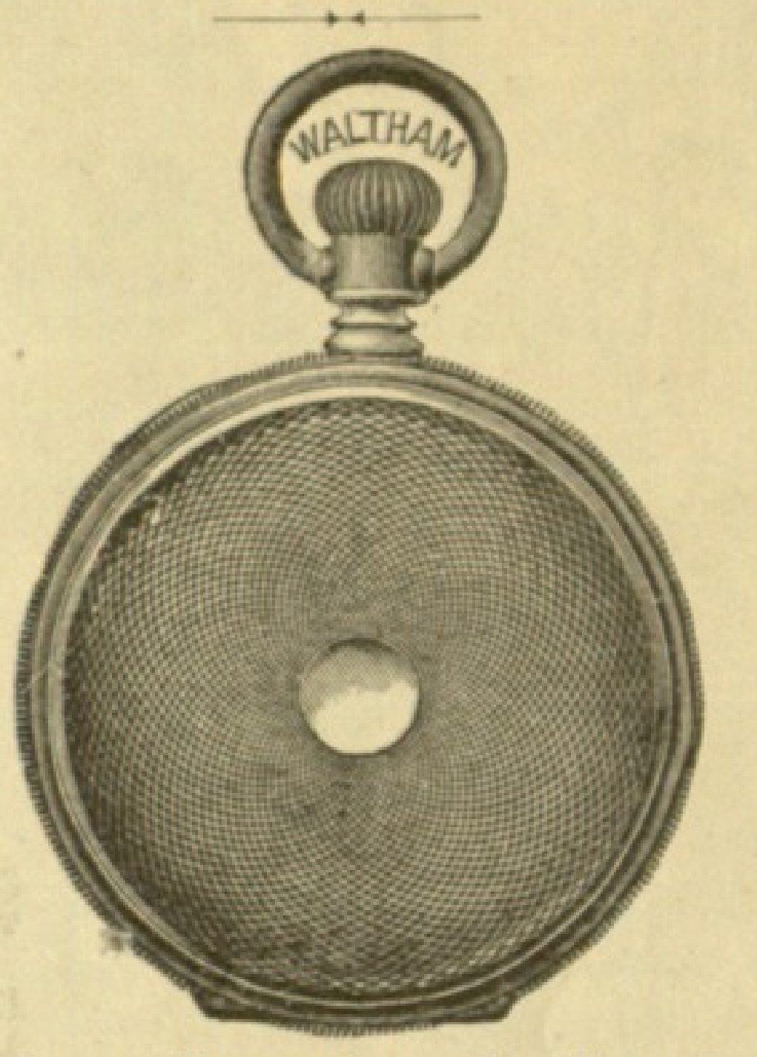

The *Ledger* will purchase for its subscribers Waltham and Elgin watches at prices much less than they can buy them of any jeweler. Every one knows the excellence of these watches, and that they are the best in the world for anything like the money; but many are compelled to purchase foreign counterfeits simply because they cannot purchase the genuine without paying two or three prices. The *Ledger* has selected watches which represent the best value for the money of any watches yet made. The *Ledger* is the Great Family Paper, and it proposes to furnish watches suitable for every member of the families who read the *Ledger*, whether they are subscribers or buy the *Ledger* from their newsdealer. If you wish to buy any of these watches, and are a reader who buys his *Ledger* from a newsdealer, please send us the name and address of your newsdealer with your order.

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No. 3. Same works in solid nickel-silver case, Open Face, $5.50.

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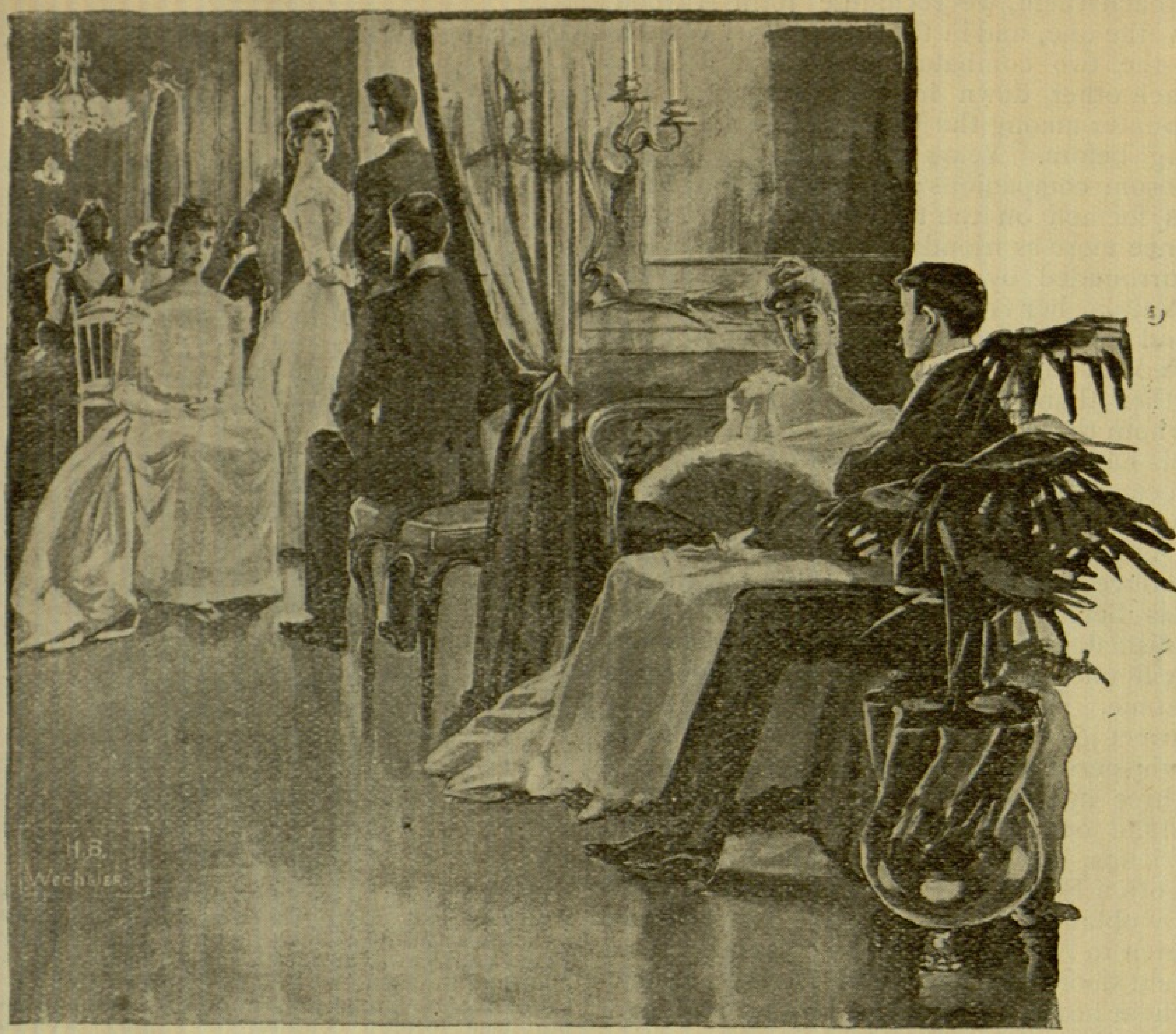

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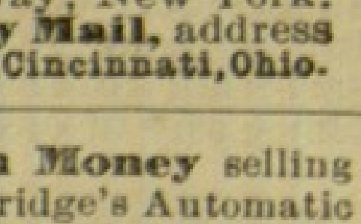

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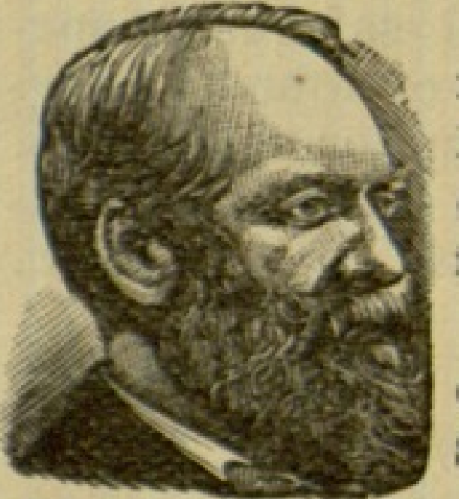

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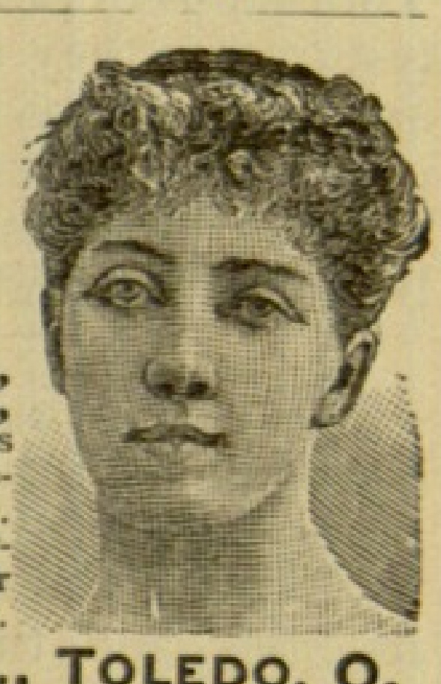

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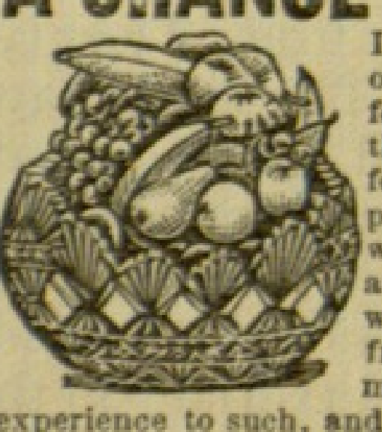

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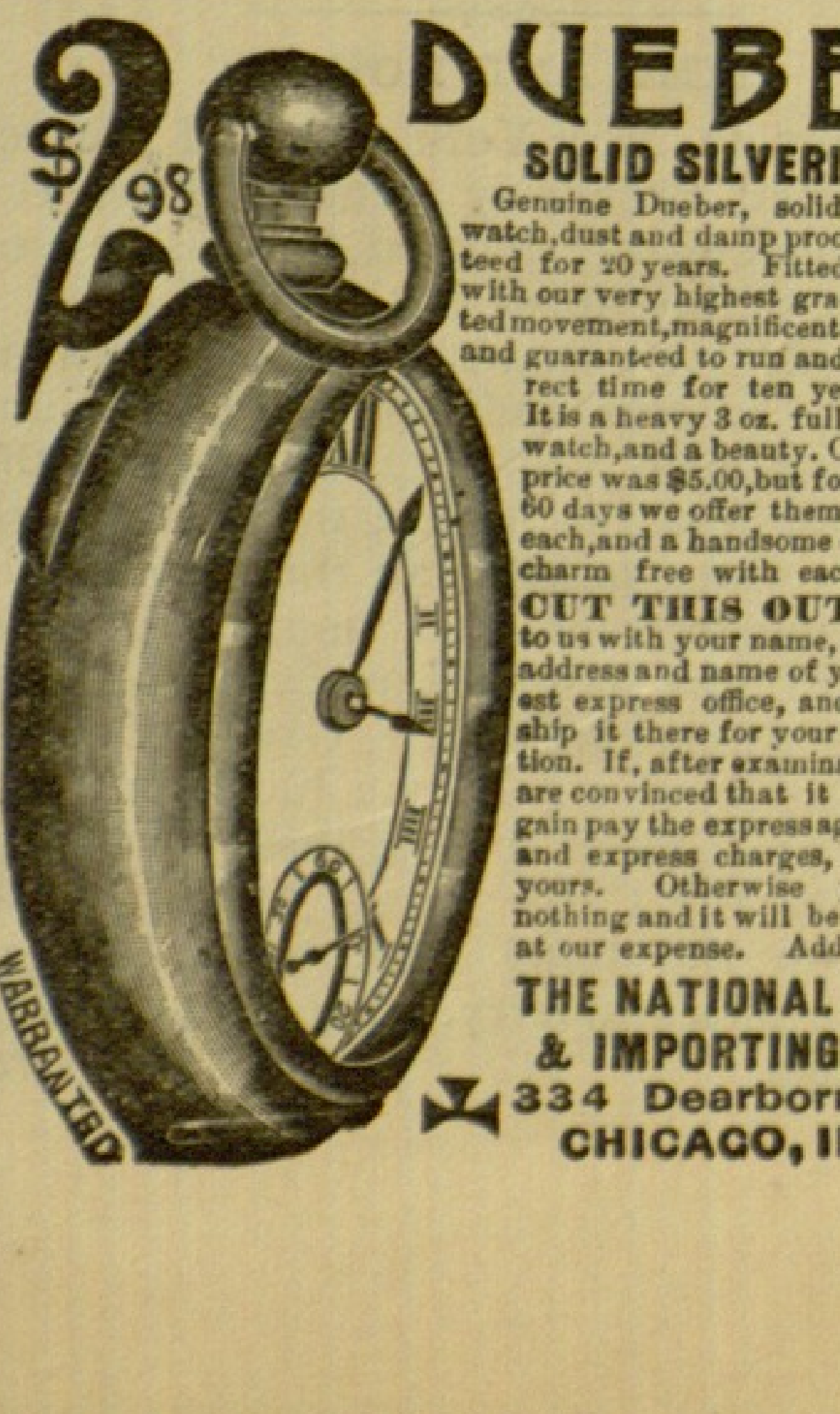

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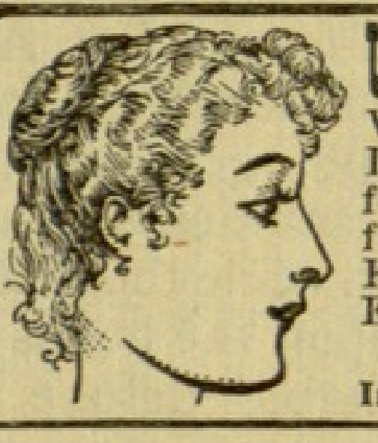

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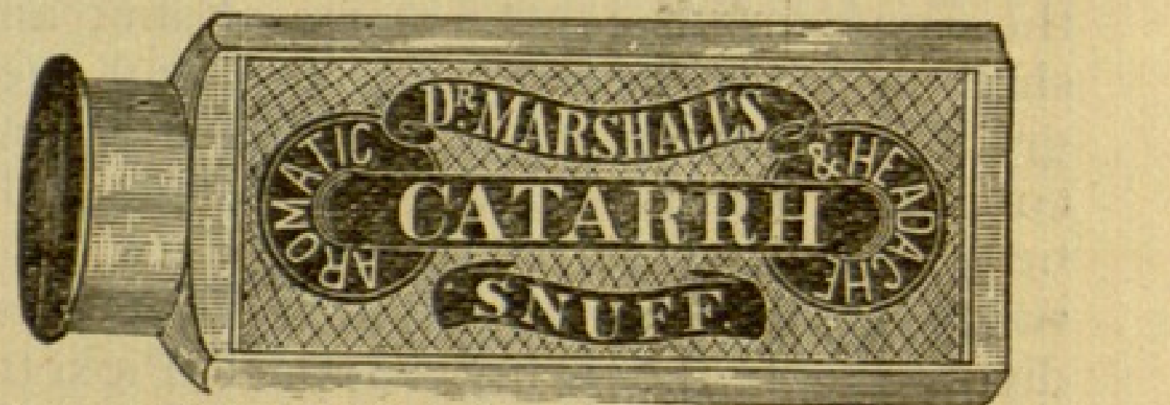

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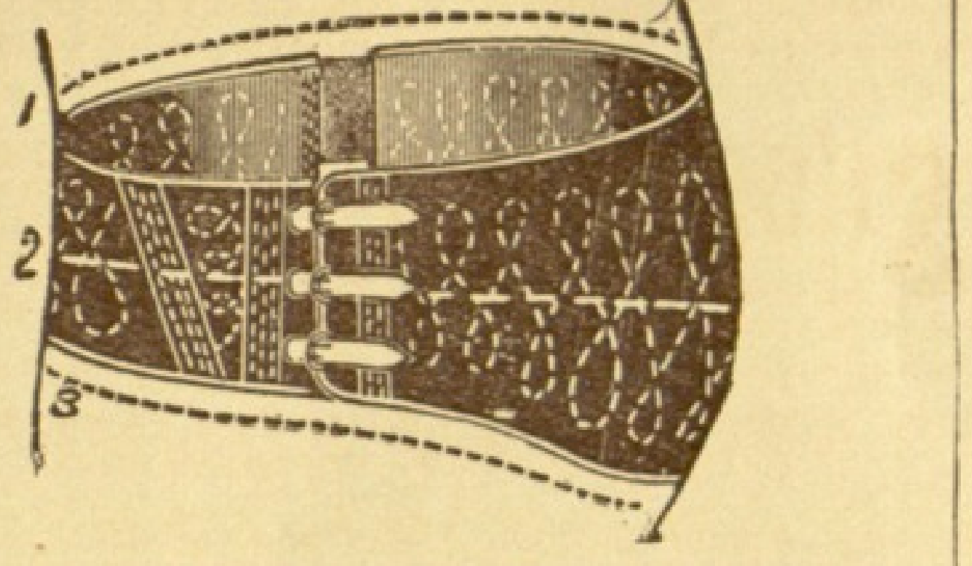

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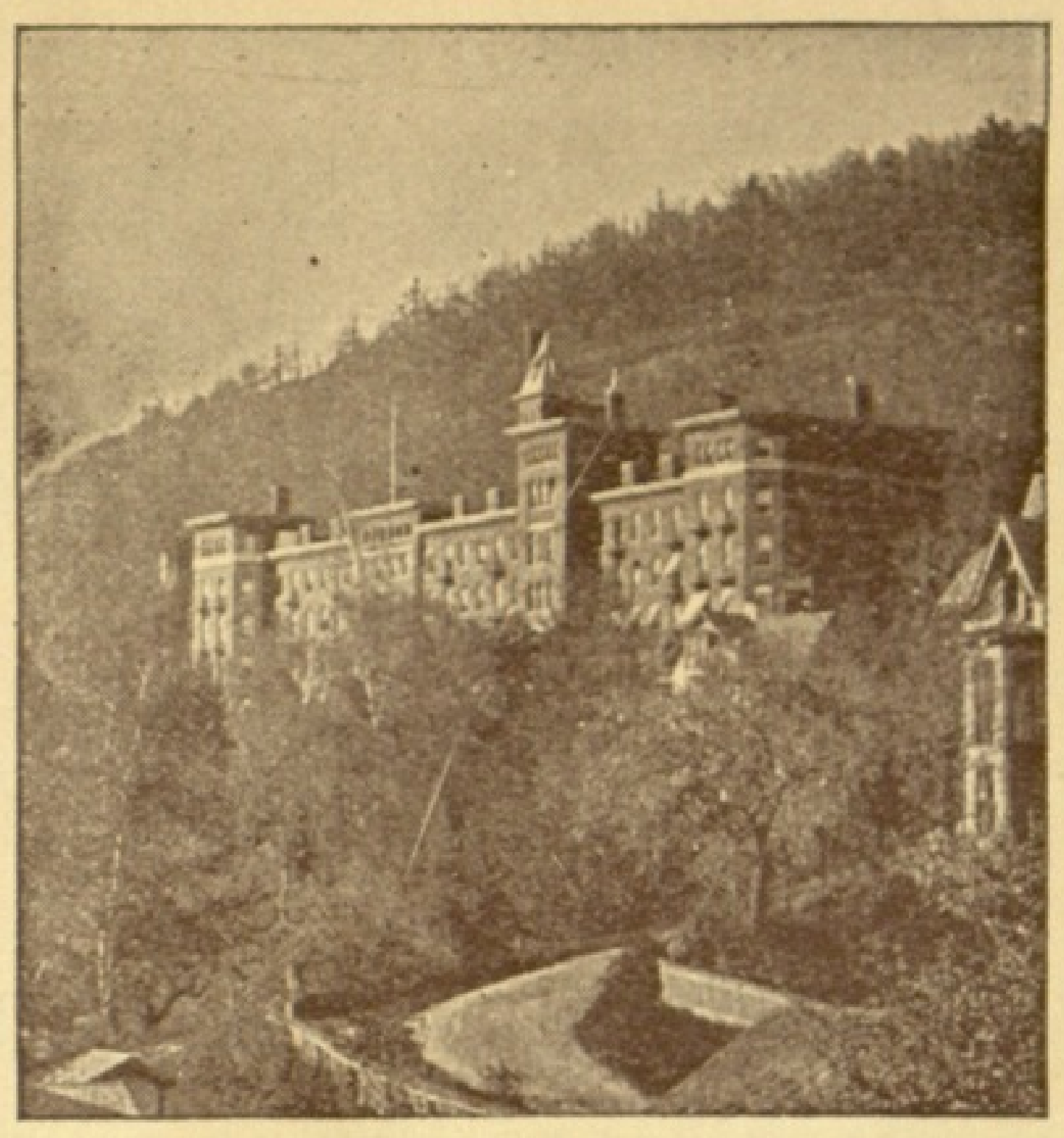

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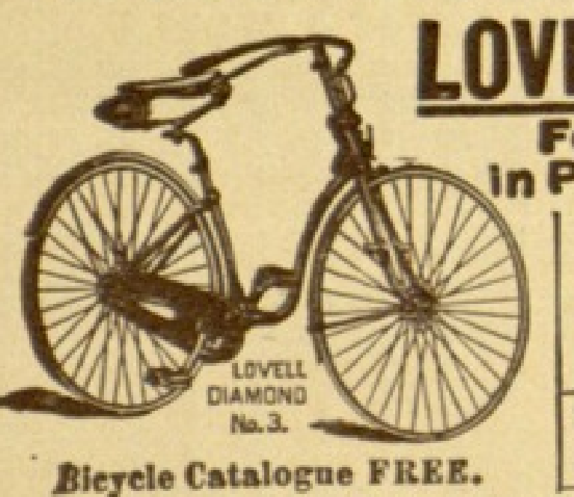

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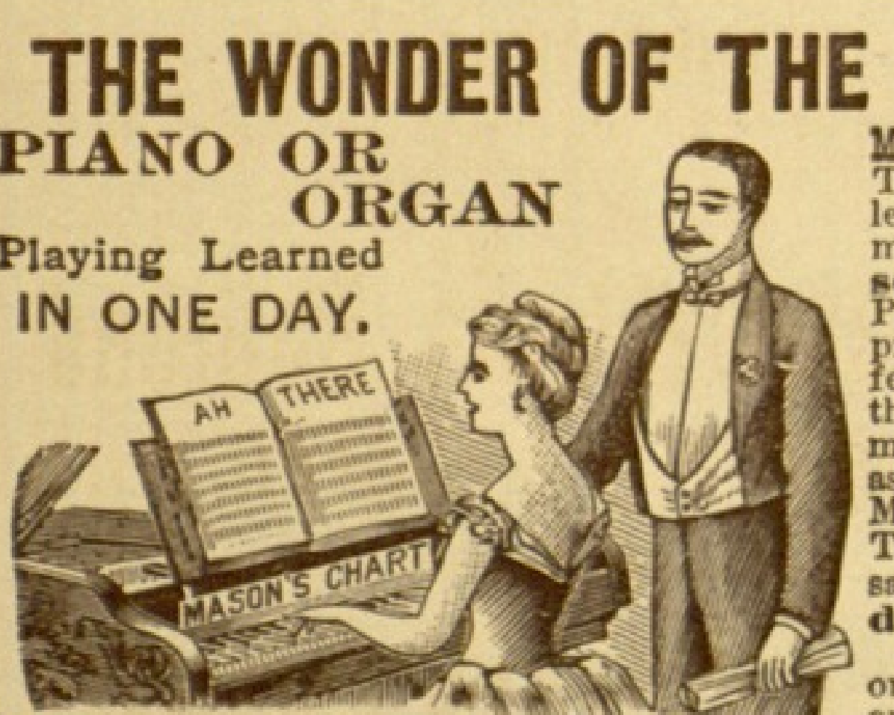

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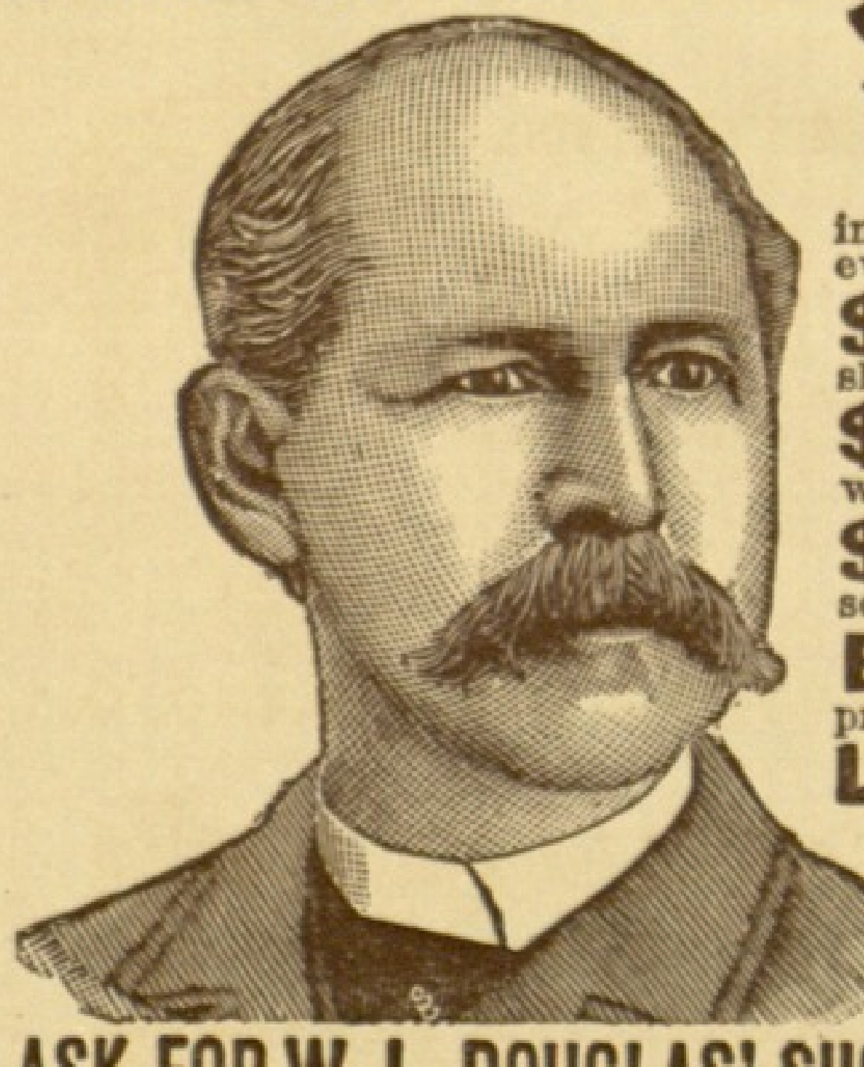

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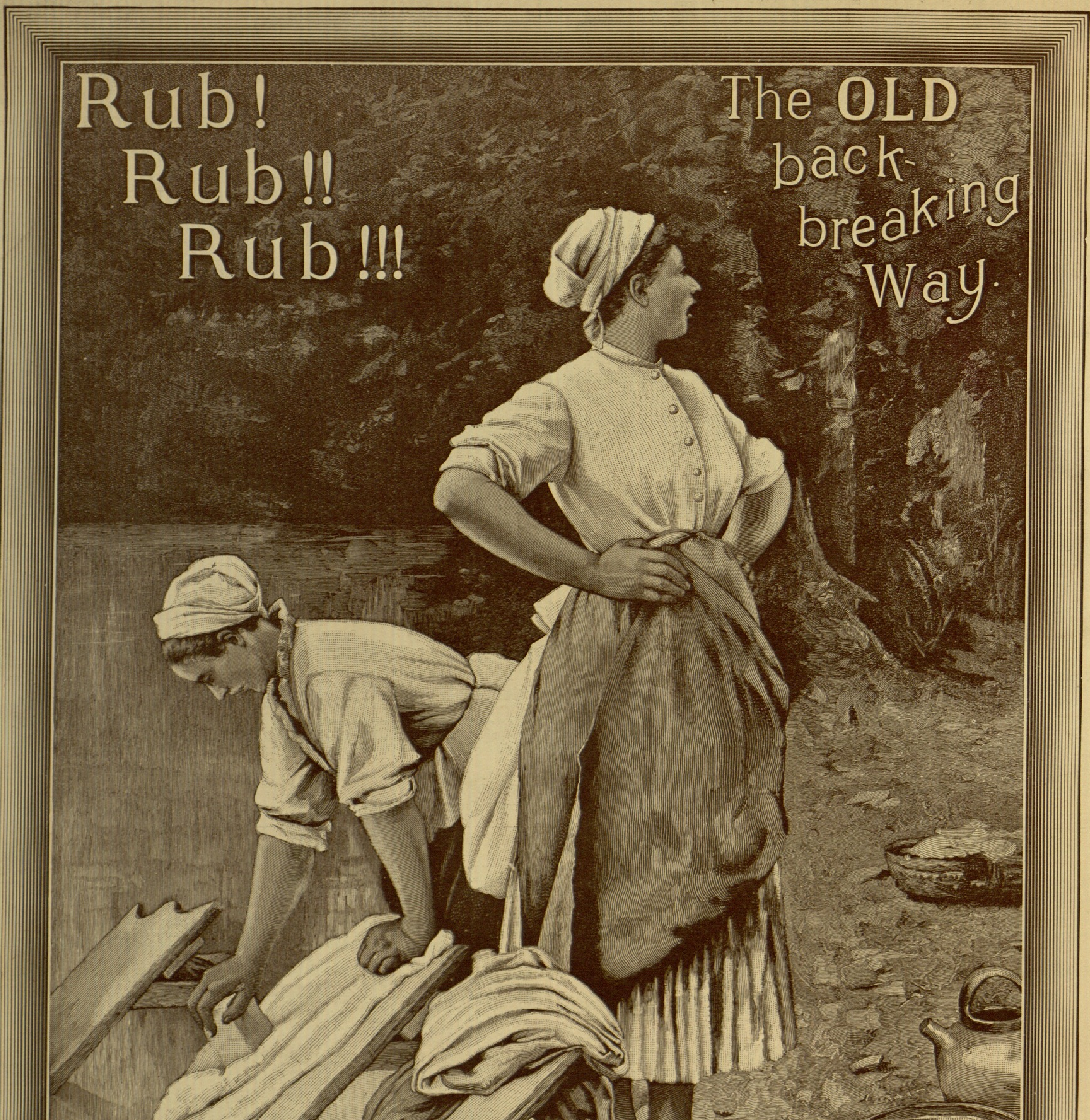
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